Fit "Triplex"—and be safe Vauxhall do

1/-

The Sketch

FRESH FRUIT ALL THE YEAR
BUY "TANZARO" PURE FRUIT SQUASHES
By Appointment
JEWSBURY & BROWN LTD.,
MANCHESTER & BRANCHES

SAY 'GIN AND I did
LILLET'
—YOU'LL REPEAT IT! I shall!
5/6 a bottle. Agents: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd 16, Water Lane, E.C.3

DRY ORANGE CURACAO • WHITE CURACAO TRIPLE SEC • CHERRY BRANDY • KÜMMEL • CREME DE MENTHE • LIQUEURS DE LUXE • APRICOT BOLS • PARFAIT AMOUR
Since 1575
Founded in Amsterdam 1575
BOLS
LIQUEURS OF EXQUISITE FLAVOUR AND VERY OLD GENEVA

JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY
DAY BY DAY TAKE J.J.

TAYMOUTH CASTLE HOTEL
The spirit of Scotland lives in ancient Taymouth Castle. Here, too, lives the modern spirit of excellent hotel service; and here are facilities for Fishing and Golfing. Come to Taymouth Castle for a vivid Scots holiday!
ABERFELDY PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

MOTOR POLICIES
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING: BY INLAND POST, 1/1½
Canada and Newfoundland 1½d.; Foreign 3d.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND AND REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

PUBLISHING OFFICE:
32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4.

FLATS.

LATYMER COURT, W.6

RENTS FROM £110 to £250 p.a.

Flats designed for comfort and convenience with every amenity including—Central Heating, Constant Hot Water, Automatic Lifts, House Telephones, Uniformed Staff, Garages, Restaurant, Squash Courts, etc.

PLANS and PARTICULARS from the LETTING OFFICE, LATYMER COURT, W.6. (*Riverside* 3961.)

LIVE OUT OF LONDON! You can do so at MULBERRY CLOSE and enjoy quiet seclusion, ample accommodation—the air, the light and lower costs. Town in 20 minutes. Accommodation from £135 to 6 rooms at £325. Send for Album and particulars, Estate Office, Mulberry Close, Hendon, N.W.4.

MULBERRY CLOSE

Hendon, N.W.4

COME OUT TO *SEE* IT!

ST. JOHN'S COURT

OVER JOHN BARNES' NEW STORE IN FINCHLEY ROAD.

Well-designed flats at moderate rentals offering every possible convenience. Furnished Show Flats are open for inspection. Descriptive booklet will be sent on request to Managing Agents: Messrs. Hillier, Parker, May & Rowden, 27, Maddox Street, W.1. *Telephone: Mayfair* 7666, or The Letting Office, St. John's Court, N.W.3. *Telephone: Maida Vale* 6310.

BRITISH HOTELS.

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

Appeals to gentlefolk by its quiet refinement and comfort. A hundred years old but essentially modern in all its appointments. Real comfort and quiet awaits you. Electric lift, private suites, central and electric heating, large public rooms, 120 ft. Sun Lounge facing the sea, famous chef, first-class cuisine and vintage wines. Write for illustrated booklet. Terms from as low as 4½ Gns. weekly inclusive.

Telephone: Hastings 869.

MAKE HOLIDAY IN LAKELAND AND STAY AT

THE KESWICK HOTEL

the leading up-to-date Hotel in the district, and in charming grounds, at Keswick-on-Derwentwater. Brochure and tariff from the proprietors, J. and M. WIVELL & SON.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—World-ren'wd hotel of Austrian Alps. 60 miles fr. Vienna. Sports. Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15/- up.

Semmering.—3000 ft. a.s.l.—1½ hrs. fr. Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel, The Golfer's Home.**— Open-air Swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Fac. sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Add.: Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea-front, near Casino. Free Conveyance to Links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad C.S.R. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel Du Cap D'Antibes.— Pavillon Eden Roc Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus serv. with Monte Carlo & Menton.—Tennis, Swim. pool. 15 acrs. priv. Pk. Inc. fm. 70 frs., bath rm. 85 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet. P. de C.—Golf Hotel. — Facing Links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st class residential hotel. Attractive incl. rates.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rms. 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934. Inclusive from 65 frs. With bath from 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date, facing Casino, sea-view, open all the yr. Inclus. fm. 50 frs., with bth. fm. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—" Bellevue."—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenners Stephanie.— The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden.—(Black Forest).— Brenner's Parkhotel.— Pension from M. 14

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from R.M. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Mod'nly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms from R.M.5. Pension from R.M.11.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof. — Wholly renov. Facg. Kur-park. A home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel—150 beds, large park, close Casino. Pension terms: R.M. 11 up. Personal management: H. A. Rossler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg. — Fr. Hoellischer. First-class Family hotel. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.— World-renowned house. Mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.— Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class Family Hotel. Unique location in quiet pos'n of the Kur-Park. opp. Baths and Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim. — Der Kaiserhof. — First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. Baths and Kur-Park, 150 rooms, 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kur-park and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from R.M.10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—**Staatl Kurhotel.**— Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Cologne.—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Nr. Stn. & Cathl. New wg. Dec. '36. Rms. fr. R.M. 4., lav. & toil. fm. R.M.6., pr. bath fr. R.M.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne.—Excelsior Hotel, Ernst.— The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the Cathedral.

Cologne.—Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.—Up-to-date, renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Director: Otto Holl.

Cologne. — Hotel Monopol-Metropol. — The modern home for travellers. First-class Restaurant.

Dresden. — Hotel Bellevue. — The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Park. Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Dresden. — Hotel Schiller. — The latest, first-class Hotel. World renowned, distinguished family-home. Near Station.

Dusseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The first-class Hotel facing the station. 120 bedrooms, 20 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. World ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B. fr 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.— Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Fam. for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M5. Gar. and Pumps on the prem.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. — **Sonnenbichl.— Golf Hotel.**—Facing the Zugspitze, 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen. — Hotels Gibson/ Schönblick. — First class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.— First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from R.M.5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.—Hotel Reichspost.— The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest

Hundseck near Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Res-t'rant Hundseck (2952 ft.) Sit. on Black Ft. 160 beds. All mod. com't. Pen. fm. R.M. 7 to R.M.9.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental. —Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.— Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—Hotel " Der Königshof" Karlsplatz.— 1st-class. Central sit. 150 rooms. 50 bths. from 5 mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich. — Park Hotel. —Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts, moderate prices. Situated the entrance of the old town. Opposite the Station.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand, R.A.C Hotel.—(2900 ft.) Bk. Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake & sun-b'g., fishing. Incl. terms fm. Mks. 6. Catalogues.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Sasbachwalden, Black Forest.—Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house designed for the few Priv. swim. pl. R.A.C., N.T.C. htl.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Walchensee Strandhotel Fischer. — Facing beautiful Lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. oppos. Pk. & Op. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pension from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.— Hotel Rose.— World - renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc'y. Pen. fr. Marks 12.

Wiesbaden. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class family hotel. Thermal baths, own spring. Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best pos'n. opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. fm. R.M. 12.

ITALY

Stresa, Lake Maggiore.—Regina Palace Hotel on the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

SWITZERLAND.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—(Lake Thun)—Full sth. on lake front. Large pk. Gar. 1st-cl. fam. htl. Bathing. Ten. Golf. Pens. from Fr. 11.50 up.

Lausanne. — Hotel Meurice. — On the lake. 100 beds. The best first-class hotel. Inclusive terms 10/-. Garden. Garage.

Lausanne.—Victoria Hotel.—(First-class). The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake, next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.— 1st-class English house. Finest sit. on lake. Open-air rests. Priv. lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne.—The National. — Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—A de luxe hotel in unrivalled situation, directly on lake-front, quiet, yet central. Write for new broch. and map "E."

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms facing lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from fr. 10. Large park. Tennis. Swimming and Golf.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—First cl. htl. with every mod. comft., excel. cuisine, lge. gdn., swim., ten., mountaineering, all inc. rates fr. 15/-.

Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau District. Inclusive terms from Frs. s. 14.50. F. Borter, Propr.

CHEZ KORNILOFF — PARIS (Etoile)

6, rue d'Armaillé (extension of Avenue Carnot, 3rd Building.)

Famous French-Russian Restaurant.

Specialities: BLINI, CAVIAR, CÔTELETTES KORNILOFF, GROUSE, ETC.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris & Berlin.

At the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE" "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world. *All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to:* PARIS OFFICE: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States. BERLIN OFFICE: Kurfürstendamm, 32, *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

TRAVELLING FIRST CLASS WITH A 3rd CLASS TICKET!

This 24" model (R.21) is in choice Cowhide of superb quality with hand-stitched corners and finest Chromium-Plated Fittings.

£5 . 15 . 0

Out-of-date luggage not only looks third-rate but is apt to let you down.

Revelation is recognised the world over as the luggage of the up-to-date traveller.

It is not only smartness and long-lasting qualities though, that have won for Revelation its reputation as the World's Most Famous Suitcase, but also the obliging way it becomes the exact size you want for any length of trip, closing always with surprising ease—even after adding your return journey extras!

Refit with Revelation and FEEL first class, whatever the colour of your ticket.

All Revelations in Leather or Vulcanised Fibre are
GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS
Over thirty different models to choose from. Rawhide, from **£5-17-6**; Cowhide, from **80/-**; Vulcanised Fibre, from **40/-**; Fibre, from **10/6**.

AT ALL STORES AND LUGGAGE DEALERS
AND
REVELATION SUITCASE CO., LTD.
170 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
(Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.)

This 20" REVELATION Week-end Travel Case is in Real Morocco Leather (Navy or Nigger). Fitted with CHIC-PAK Cosmetic Containers, on lift-out board. Chromium Locks, side pockets lined oil silk.

£6 . 0 . 0

Also obtainable in highest grade Leather Fabric. 18" size - £3 . 17 . 6

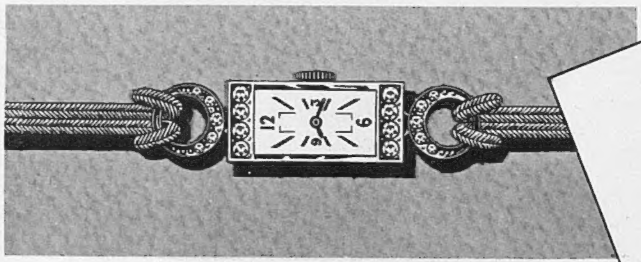
REV-ROBE. *Ask your dealer to show you the latest Revelation product—REV-ROBE—the travel wardrobe hardly larger than a hatbox. It holds 12 dresses, folding and packing them in one operation.*

REVELATION

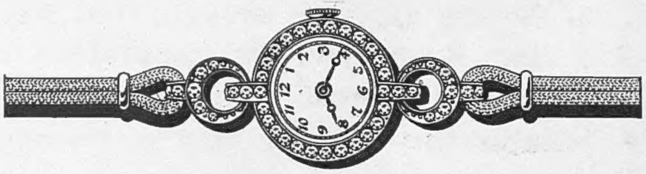
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SUITCASE

BY APPOINTMENT

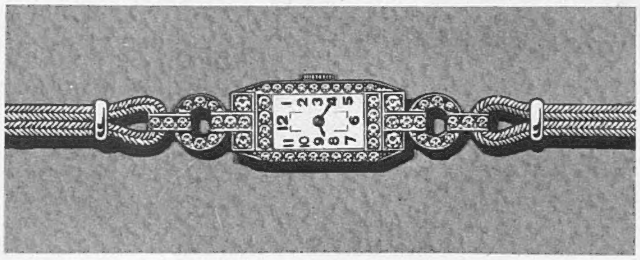
Finer Watch Bracelets



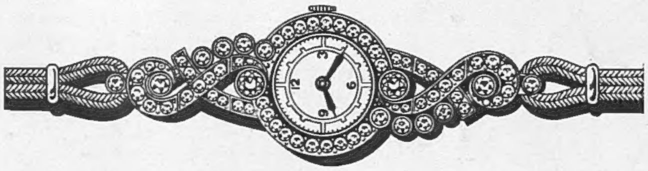
Diamond and Platinum - £25.0.0
(On Cords)



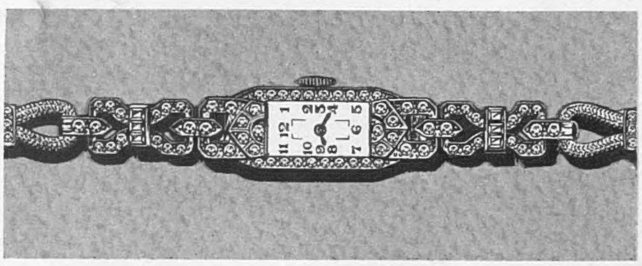
Diamond and Platinum £37.10.0
(On White Gold Wristlet)



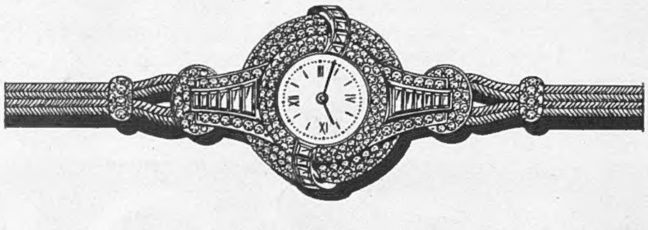
Diamond and Platinum - £30.0.0
(On Cords)



Diamond and Platinum - £105.0.0
(On Cords)



Diamond and Platinum - £55.0.0
(On White Gold Wristlet)



Diamond and Platinum - £150.0.0
(On Cords)

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company sells nothing that is not of fine craftsmanship, material and design. It gives you the safeguard of its name.

But it gives you something else : width of choice probably without equal. And something else again : trustworthy value for the money you spend.

That is why men and women come to 112 Regent Street, from all over England and further still, for those finer watches for which the Company is famous.

If you cannot call, remember that every day we are sending our illustrated catalogues to every part of England—and beyond.

* * * *

THE

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.

112 REGENT STREET

LONDON W1

AT THE CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE ST • NO OTHER ADDRESS

The Sketch

No. 2320—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

HER ANCESTORS ENTERTAINED KING JAMIE.

LADY PATRICIA DOUGLAS *is the elder daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry, and came out last year. The Douglas family are descended from Sir William Douglas, ninth Feudal Baron of Drumlanrig, who entertained King "Jamie" (James I. of England and VI. of Scotland) at his mansion when that monarch returned to Scotland in 1617. Sir William was created Baron Douglas of Hawick and Tibbers and Viscount Drumlanrig in 1628, and Earl of Queensberry in 1633. The Marquessate dates from 1682.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

EARTHLY PARADISE.

THERE was once a song, of well-merited popularity, called "Ours is a Nice House, Ours Is"; and I should like to sing it, had I the necessary *timbre*, as a kind of pæan of praise in the country house where I am now staying. I would that all hostesses could come and take a course of instruction in this establishment. The house beautiful is all very well, but beauty (as every woman knows) needs good management. I know houses which are full of expensive pictures and priceless china and many other evidences of affluence and good taste, but which are lacking in the little cares and comforts for guests. And guests, I fear, are a class of persons who well illustrate the ingratitude of human nature; far from considering that half a loaf is better than no bread, they are apt to regard themselves as ill-used if they do not get the entire loaf, with a slice or two of cake into the bargain.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand—it is these which make up the contentment of guests and introduce a note of real gratitude into their otherwise uninspired bread - and - butter letters. Take one small example–in this model establishment, when I sit down to write a letter, I find that there is actually ink in the ink-stands. This is astonishing: indeed, I think it must be unprecedented in the length and breadth of England. How many a time have I stayed in houses where there was nothing in the ink-wells but the dry, caked deposit of centuries! But what, you may ask, of the fountain-pen? Does not everybody use fountain-pens nowadays? Yes, but it is a well-known habit of fountain-pens that, whenever you sit down, with barely enough time to catch the post, to write an urgent letter, the fountain-head dries up. It is therefore most important that ink-wells should be full at all times, not only of ink, but of fountain-pen ink, ever ready to slake the thirsty pens of guests, without clogging them with silt and detritus. If my resourceful hostess had not grasped this important principle of hospitality, I should not now be writing this article—a calamity which has been averted by a little wise thoughtfulness, of the kind that sweetens life.

"HIS WHOLE TRAINING WAS WALKING UP AND DOWN THE BEACH."

DRAWN BY BERRY.

One very good test of domestic economy is the everlasting problem of ash-trays. Can you remember ever being in a house which had enough ash-trays, or which, even if it had enough, had them distributed in convenient and accessible places? There is nothing more discomposing to the spirit of man than to find, just when his cigar is drawing well and its soothing influence is beginning to steal over his being, that there is no ash-tray within reach, or, sometimes, even within sight. To have to gather oneself up from a deep chair in order to find the necessary receptacle may completely destroy what promised to be a golden hour; and I am afraid that this is the cause of a great deal of ash being deposited on floors, on the disingenuous pretext that it is "good for the carpet"—a kind of top-dressing, apparently, to make it sprout. In this paragon of households I have not yet discovered a comfortable corner where an ash-tray is not within easy reach—an ash-tray which *is* an ash-tray, and not some gaudy, flimsy thing of glass which flies into a thousand fragments if you knock out a pipe on it. And, most important of all—hostesses, please note!—there is an ash-tray by the bedside. Also, there are matches at convenient strategic points—matches which are meant to be stolen, and which *are* stolen, frequently and shamelessly. The right kind of matches, too; neither those paltry midgets which are a mere exasperation in a high wind, nor those giant boxes, filled with young saplings, which make a nasty bulge in the pocket of a thief (a mean trick to play on any guest). Sensible, ordinary, middle-class matches—and what a comfort they are, since nobody ever remembers to pack enough, if any, of this necessity of life!

Many other little refinements I observe about me, with deep appreciation, in this earthly paradise. When you come in hot and dry after a ride or a round of golf—when you need something to drown the memory of that topped two-foot putt by which you threw away the match—you do not have to ring and ask for refreshment. There, in the hall, as you enter, you are greeted by the soothing sight of orangeade in a tall and apparently inexhaustible jug — cold comfort, you may say, after missing a two-foot putt, but not a bad *hors d'œuvre* to something more solacing. And there is *ice* in it! Think of that, in an English household!

Choosing a book at random from my host's well-stocked shelves, I found, as I might have expected, that just when I reached an interesting point, the pages were uncut. You know what usually happens in those painful circumstances. You haven't a penknife on you; nobody else has a penknife on him; you can't invade the dining-room and seize a table-knife; there is not a paper-knife within miles, and finally you have to lacerate the page with what is known at Scotland Yard as "some blunt instrument." In this remarkable house I found a paper-knife within thirty seconds. Wanting a long "commercial" envelope, I found one instantly on the nearest writing-table.

But the star turn of all I reserve, like a conjurer, to the last. Believe it or not, when you turn on the hot-water tap in any bathroom in this house, at any time from morn till dewy eve, hot water issues forth in a continuous stream! Need I say more? This, I think you will agree, is the high-water mark, not to say the high hot-water mark, of hospitality and good management. Hostesses, again please note: Dominion and foreign Press, please copy!

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mr. Bristlewood allows his mind to wander at a road-house.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

ALL AT LE TOUQUET ON A SUMMER'S DAY:

LORD GRIMTHORPE *and the* COUNTESS OF FEVERSHAM *(formerly the Hon. Anne Wood) are among the lawn tennis enthusiasts who visit Le Touquet.*

MAJOR CARLOS CLARKE, MRS. CARLOS CLARKE, *and* CAPTAIN COVELL *are off in this big car.*

The MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY, *who is well known as the artist, Cathleen Mann, wore a peaked hat and a " bunny rabbit " wool coat.*

Right: MRS. VIVIAN CORNELIUS *snatches a moment to read the papers.*

MRS. QUINTIN GILBEY *enjoying a little light refreshment with* MAJOR GEORGE PHILLIPSON.

LORD *and* LADY ALLENDALE, *here seen with the* HON. DENZIL FORTESCUE, M.C., *brother of Earl Fortescue, are recent visitors to Le Touquet. Lady Allendale found her golfing " brolly " useful as a parasol.*

GOLF, LAWN TENNIS, BATHING, AND CHAT.

MRS. CHARLES MILLS and MRS. JEFFREY ACKROYD enjoying light refreshment in the golf club bar.

This group in the golf club bar includes the COUNTESS OF DUDLEY *(right; formerly Miss Gertie Millar, the famous actress) and* COUNT PAUL MUNSTER.

Left: MRS. "IAN HAY" BEITH, *wife of the well-known playwright and author, was a decorative visitor.*

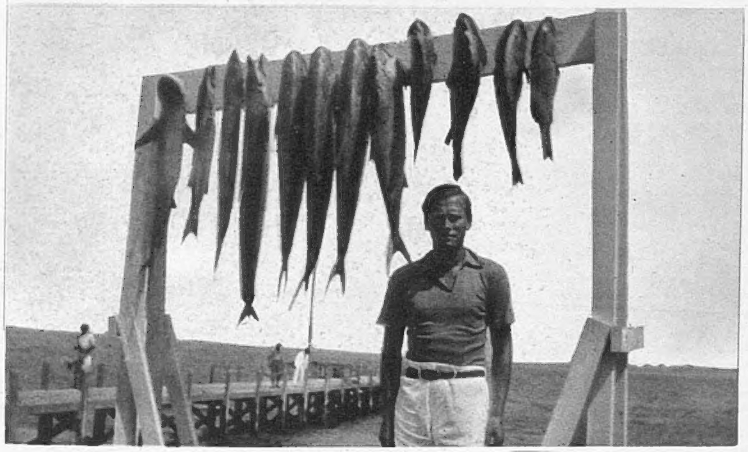
Sun-bathing on the steps of the piscine was a delight. MISS MURIEL RICHARDS, MISS DOROTHY RICHARDS, *and* MRS. KOSHLAND *are chatting as they "brown."*

MRS. TETLEY *and* MRS. VICTOR MALCOLM *(the young actress, Miss Ann Todd) wore colourful patterned dresses when enjoying the tea-hour at the golf club.*

The MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW, *wife of the Viceroy of India, with her elder twin son, the* EARL OF HOPETOUN, *by the lawn tennis courts.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

SOMEWHERE in Monmouthshire, in a pool about twenty yards long and four yards wide, on a tiny stream—one of the least distinguished feeders of the Wye—there is an interesting trout. According to my informant, Mr. F. Holmes, of Blackpool, the trout is quite a celebrity. For the third summer in succession, "Joe," as the trout has been named, has taken up his quarters in the same pool. Although a wild trout in the accepted meaning of the word, "Joe" has become so tame that he will almost feed out of your hand. A piece of sweetbread, liver, or beef will entice him within a foot or two of anyone standing on the bank. His weight is estimated at 5 lb., and in addition to small fry of about ¾ lb., the pool contains two fish of from 2½ lb. to 3 lb. When these fish summon up courage to make a dash for a stray piece of meat, "Joe" takes it as a personal affront, and the waters of the pool are lashed into foam as he chases them away.



Cat Cay, near Bimini, is known as the new Fisherman's Paradise, and this snapshot shows that it deserves its name! It depicts LIEUT.-COMMANDER HUGH LONGDEN, R.N. *(who recently returned to London from the Bahamas, where he was A.D.C. to H.E. the Governor), with a morning's catch at Cat Cay. The fish on the left is a 30-lb. shark; then come barracudas, amberjacks (45 lb.), and groupers (about 35 lb.). The big marlin and tuna season is now in full swing at Cat Cay.*

Basking Shark Caught Napping. In one of the Sunday papers there was an interesting picture of a 25-ft. basking shark hanging from a crane on the dockside by a rope secured round its tail. As announced some weeks ago in *The Sketch*, Dr. O. B. Deiter, his wife, and her friend, Mrs. D. Barker, are on a shark-hunting and tunny-fishing expedition round our coasts. This 25-ft. basking shark is one of their trophies, according to the Sunday paper mentioned above, which states alongside the picture: "Two women caught this three-ton shark." It is certainly wonderful what women can do nowadays, and the Press is quick to seize on a big-game fishing story (which may impress the general public), without considering its merits from the purists' point of view. In this case the catch was a monster—but one which had been harpooned, and although the ladies must have had a very exciting time, I do not suppose they were subjected to any long and arduous physical strain, such as the majority of our North Sea tunny anglers have to endure. To say that it was caught by two women may lead the general public, who have read a little about big-game fishing, into thinking that this monster was hooked and played to exhaustion on a rod, the ladies taking turns at reeling-in their three-ton catch.

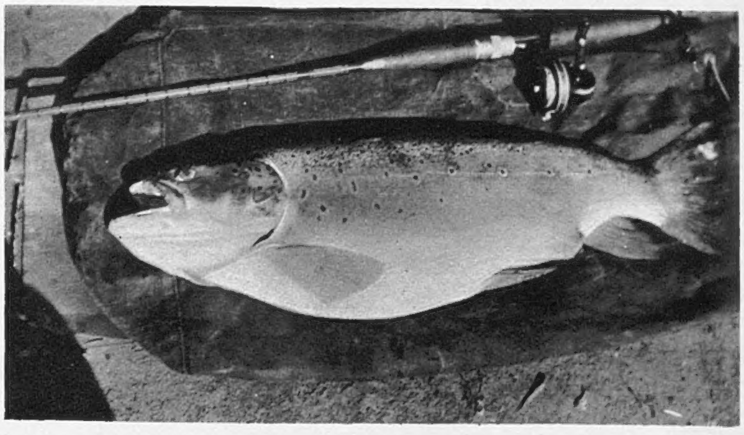
English anglers will be interested by this fine AUSTRALIAN RAINBOW TROUT, *weighing 13 lb., and 23 inches in length. It was taken from Lake Bullen-Merri, Victoria.*

Fish-Shooting With Bow and Arrow. While searching for a book in my small library, I came across a little volume entitled "Sea Fish and How to Catch Them," by W. B. Lord. Glancing through it, I was interested to read an account of shooting mullet and bass with the harpoon-arrow. The book, by the way, was published in 1862, and was one of the first, if not the first, ever written on sea-fishing as a sport. No doubt it will surprise many people to hear that shooting fish with bow and arrow was practised in this country over seventy years ago. The author described how to make the arrow by straightening about four and a half inches of a large sea fish-hook, inserting this into a hole bored in the end of the arrow shaft, and binding it firmly with waxed silk. A small loop of line was whipped on the shaft about a foot from the point, and to this loop the harpoon line was attached. The line was coiled in a small bowl with a ring at the bottom, to which the other end of the line was tied. The author recommended a little practice at floating corks or apples before attempting to shoot fish, and he advised filing the point of the arrow exceedingly sharp, to prevent it glancing off the scales. Bass must have been far more plentiful then if it was possible to shoot them with an arrow. On the other hand, mullet should offer a good target at times. Of course, in select angling circles harpooning is not often indulged in, but if you fancy your skill with bow and arrow, and are clever enough to transfix one or two mullet, I doubt if anyone would do anything but applaud.

Do Salmon Prefer Escalators? Strictly speaking, a fish ladder is not quite the same as an escalator, for the steps or pools remain stationary, and water flows down; nevertheless, there is a distinct similarity between the progress of a salmon up a fish pass, and a misguided person attempting to go up a descending escalator. Long experience has shown that, provided a fish ladder is well designed, salmon have no qualms about using it. This is more than can be said of fish-lifts, several of which have been constructed on most ingenious plans. The most ambitious effort of the kind is in operation on the Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River, U.S.A. Here hydraulic lifts, running on a fifteen-minute schedule, are of sufficient capacity, according to the engineers who constructed them, to carry in a day no fewer than 70,000 adult salmon up to and over the 72-ft. crest of the dam. Last spring, the run of chinook salmon in the Columbia River was reported to be normal below Bonneville, but not up to the average above the dam. From which one may conclude that the lifts were only partly successful, but it may be found that an improvement in design will yet achieve 100 per cent. efficiency. Even so, the lifts make no adequate provision for the downstream migration of small salmon, which stand a great risk of being sucked into the turbines.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

On June 26, while fishing at Ballycotton, Ireland, the President of the Dreadnought Sea Angling Society, Mr. L. H. Sawney, with three other members of the Society, had a combined bag weighing 678 lb. Among the catch were pollack up to 12 lb., conger up to 18½ lb., bream up to 3½ lb., and skate of 80 lb. and 88 lb.—R. L. MARSTON.



Here is another Australian fish—a BROWN TROUT *of 9¼ lb., and 22½ inches in length, taken from Lake Wurdee-Boluc, Victoria.*

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

MEDIUM GUNNERS.

THE 59TH (4TH WEST LANCASHIRE) MEDIUM BRIGADE, R.A., T.A., *can claim to be among the very earliest Artillery Volunteer units. Formed in 1859, as the 4th Lancashire Artillery, it has kept the numeral through many changes of title. In 1915, armed with 4·5 howitzers, the Brigade sailed for France, and had its full share of fighting and decorations during the war. The Battle of the Somme, 1916, was its first major engagement. Lieut.-General Sir H. S. Jeudwine, K.C.B., K.B.E., the Hon. Colonel, has held this appointment since 1920. Caricatures by Fred May were drawn one guest night recently when the Brigade was in camp on Salisbury Plain.*

"SITTING OUT" WITH CHIMPS AND BEARS:

MR. DUNCAN McCLURE *and* MISS ANGELA WILLIAMS *paid a visit to the Parrot House.*

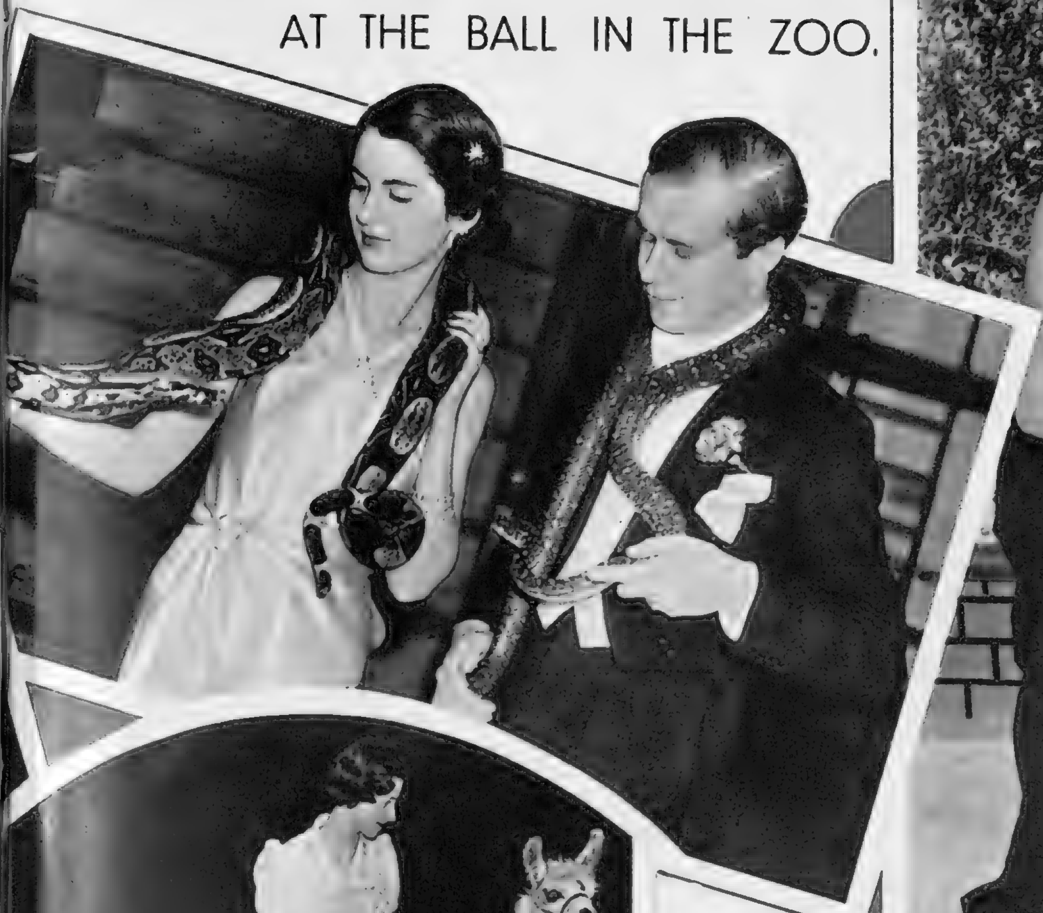
The HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL *took charge of a baby bear.*

Left: LORD *and* LADY GRENFELL *made friends with a tiny pony between the dances. They were in Lady Howard de Walden's party*

MRS. CHARLES HANROTT *and a chimpanzee seemed to enjoy each other's company.*

LARRY ADLER, *the mouth-organ artist, tried the effect of his music on a baby alligator which* MISS EILEEN WALSER *held.*

UNUSUAL SOCIAL CONTACTS AT THE BALL IN THE ZOO.



MR. NIGEL and LADY GLORIA FISHER handled a python and a boa-constrictor. She is the married daughter of the Earl of Lisburne.

MRS. DAVID PHILIPS, *formerly Miss Daphne Duke, was snapped sitting out with a chimpanzee.*

MISS DIANA BETHELL *took a stroll with a pony and a llama.*

LARRY ADLER *attended the Ball in the Zoo in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, and attempted to charm the snakes.*

MISS KAY HAMMOND, *who is appearing in "French Without Tears," the successful farce at the Criterion, and* MISS MARGERY BINNER *made friends with the dromedary.*

HELEN JACOBS ON THE WIMBLEDON CHAMPIONS.

AFTER a lapse of four years, an American player has again won the Men's Singles at Wimbledon—not only won the Singles, but the Men's and Mixed Doubles as well, creating a record. Donald Budge created this record and had—which is perhaps just as important—a great personal triumph in doing so. Donald's tennis is so flawless that anyone knowing a thing about championship tennis could, as Sir Samuel Hoare said, "recognise in him a future champion" when he first came to Wimbledon in 1936. He has all the virtues of a truly great champion—strokes, temperament, intelligence.

I have known Donald since he was a very small boy with a terrific western forehand drive, powerful service, and little else that wasn't erratic. Donald *was* small in stature, difficult as it is to believe now, but he had tremendous will to improve his game. He was not forced to develop the calmness under fire which distinguishes his lawn tennis genius. His placid temperament was a gift of the gods.

The Driving-Forces Behind Budge.

The chief driving-force behind Donald's ambition is his mother. Not that that quiet and charming woman takes any active part in his tennis campaigns. She remains at her home in California, but from there gives to Donald the encouragement and the stimulation which make his efforts on the court a joyful opportunity to pay tribute to her and to justify her faith in him. There are other driving-forces behind Donald's ambition — his youthful enthusiasm and remarkably good health, and his coach, Tom Stow. Tom Stow is that rare creature, a tennis coach with the patience to allow a star pupil to develop and hold to his own strokes, to use his own head in his matches. An extremely capable critic of the game, he has helped Donald most by explaining the temporary weaknesses in his game, such as the over-hasty production of his strokes, errors in timing, temporary lapses of footwork. He has given to Donald, from his own experience, his considerable knowledge of strategy, but he has never imposed his theories upon his pupil. He has advised Donald to sift the advice, adapting to his own game that which he best understood and could use. Tom Stow was one of the best doubles players California ever produced, and one can see in Donald's immensely improved doubles game evidence of Tom's influence.

Last year at Wimbledon Donald had the same powerful forehand and backhand that helped to win the Championship for him this year, but there were apt to be wild mistakes from both at the crucial points. A year's conscientious practice steadied them, combining force with accuracy, and now there is little hope of forcing an error from his ground strokes. He has become master of his game.

MISS THELMA CAZALET, M.P., *took part in the American tournament at Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's lawn tennis party in aid of the North Islington Welfare Centre. She is seen with* MISS RYAN, *the well-known player.* LORD ILIFFE *is in the background.*

MISS DOROTHY ROUND, *the new Champion, is usually seen in action. Here, for a change, is a reposeful snapshot of her, taken when having a moment's rest at Lady Crosfield's lawn tennis party. She took part in the exhibition matches.*

Something Extra Up His Sleeve.

Bill Tilden commented that Ellsworth Vines and Fred Perry could beat Donald easily. I doubt if they could beat him at all. Both Perry and Vines, undoubtedly, would force him more than Gottfried von Cramm was able to do, but it was plainly evident in the Wimbledon final this year that Donald had something extra up his sleeve. Whenever occasion demanded, he was able to increase the pressure of his game, going to the net more often to bring off his superb volleys. His game was so fluid; every moment he showed fresh subtlety in persuading von Cramm that he was to be beaten — taking the sting out of his shots. All agreed, with only one exception, that finer tennis had never been seen on the Centre Court since the beginning of the Championships. Since Donald is only twenty-one, he has every reason to expect to continue his reign over the tennis world for many more years.

Dorothy Round—Lawn Tennis Stylist.

Much more is known of the Lady Champion, Dorothy Round, than of the holder of the men's title, for Dorothy has been a player of international renown for at least seven years. She won her first distinction by taking a set from Helen Moody in the Wimbledon finals of 1933, and has since had an enviable record, defeating at one time or another nearly all of the world's best players. She has twice won the Singles and three times the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon. There was a time when one could not, by any stretch of the imagination, call Dorothy Round a colourful player. She has always been a tennis stylist, but personally she was shy, reserved, and unspectacular. She is even now not a volatile person, but she is charming and self-assured without sacrificing in any way the modesty which has always appealed to the spectators as well as to her fellow-players.

Fighting Off Defeat in the Final.

No one has ever fought off defeat with more self-control than she displayed in the final of Wimbledon, when Jadwiga Jedrzejowska led her 4—2 in the third set. Any player might have been pardoned for feeling that her cause was hopeless, or for lacking the courage to attack when the going looked very grim indeed. But Dorothy, having remained in the backcourt more than usual up to this point, suddenly changed her tactics and went to the net at every opportunity. As she must have anticipated, she exerted enough pressure to bring about the flow of errors that spelt disaster for the Polish player. It was a wise and daring move.

Dorothy now threatens to give up competitive tennis in order to devote her time to her home after she is married in September. Her loss to women's tennis in England, coming on the heels of Fred Perry's withdrawal from the amateur ranks, will be an additional blow to the game in this country; but only a temporary one, I am sure, for Dorothy appears to have a worthy successor in Margot Lumb, and the English Tennis Association is already planning great things for Charles Hare, the new Davis Cup player. It will be by us—the players and Dorothy's friends—that her absence will be permanently felt, for even when being defeated by her she has given us the pleasure of enjoyable matches, and the sense of friendship which is never dulled by the heat of rivalry.

AT LADY CROSFIELD'S "AFTER WIMBLEDON" LAWN TENNIS PARTY.

BARON TRAUTENBERG, LADY CATHERINE RAMSDEN *(daughter of the Earl of Ancaster), and* BARONESS HUBERT *attended Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's annual "After Wimbledon" lawn tennis party in aid of the North Islington Welfare Centre. Lady Catherine Ramsden competed in the American tournament.*

MR. C. W. HORDERN, LADY JOAN RUFUS ISAACS *(daughter of the Earl of Reading), and* MR. J. PROFUMO *watched the exhibition matches.*

VISCOUNT *and* VISCOUNTESS POLLINGTON *competed in the American tournament. She was Miss Josephine Fletcher, and he is the only son of the Earl of Mexborough.*

LORD JOHN HOPE *and* MISS GEORGINA WERNHER, *débutante daughter of Colonel Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, played in the American tournament. Lord John is the twin son of the Marquess of Linlithgow.*

MISS LIVIA *(left) and* MISS JACQUELINE PARAVICINI, *daughters of H.E. the Swiss Minister and Mme. Paravicini, looked very smart in their lawn tennis kit.*

MISS KAY STAMMERS, *who played in the exhibition matches, gave her autograph to admiring Boy Scouts.*

MISS BETTY NUTHALL *is here seen admiring the baby son of* MRS. MARCUS MARSH, *formerly Miss Eileen Bennett, the well-known player.*

TALES WITH A STING.

TRAVELLER'S JOY.

By JOHN RATHO.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

IT was just after high noon when the traveller left San Cristobal. The weather was cool, even for autumn, for in Mexico summer lingers far into October. The sun shone as brightly as a gas-jet and gave no more heat. It was perfect weather for riding, and before evening fell he would have thirty miles or more behind him.

He was going to Oaxaca, where he had heard that there was a possibility of finding work on the building of a dam. To right and left the white desert stretched. It was brightly gleaming and seamed with innumerable deep ravines. Here and there a strange shadow was cast by a giant cactus, twisted like a sick man's limbs.

The traveller was tall, with wide shoulders and a narrow waist. Twenty years spent knocking about the world had toughened him, and tanned his skin till it glowed like a rare wood. Under his wide sombrero his hair sprung from his head in stiff, dark curls; since his boyhood it had been flaked with white. He sat easily in the saddle, and, though he slouched a little, like a gaucho, he gave a strange impression of strength and abundant health. As he rode he hummed a love-song which a woman in Mexico City had sung—or was it Hàvana?—he could not remember.

He rode on. Far to the east a plume of smoke showed where the new railway lay. It ran parallel to the high road and followed the deep valley of the Oaxaca River. But with a horse the trail over the desert heights was not difficult, and he had no money to throw away on railway tickets.

Ahead, the traveller knew that there were patches of land which could be cultivated, and it was at a farm in one of these oases that he planned to stay the night. Thus he would be in Oaxaca by midday on the morrow.

As the shadows lengthened he started to look round for signs of human life, and soon, far off the trail, amid some scrubby eucalyptus trees, he saw a house. He turned his horse towards it.

When he got nearer he saw that it was a poor enough abode—and, for that matter, who but the very poor would choose to live in so isolated a place? A low wall surrounded a plot of ground where grew a few cabbages and beans, and behind stretched a parched field or two. But there was also a well, and the house itself was two storeys high, an unusual thing in the desert, and was covered with a scarlet-leaved creeping plant. The coloured leaves, brilliant in the setting sun, helped to detract from the general air of decay and sadness which hung about the place.

The rider dismounted and knocked at the door. It was some time before he received any reply. Then there came a sound of whispered voices and, after a minute or two, a tall, bearded man opened the door. The traveller doffed his broad sombrero and asked whether the Señor would, out of the kindness of his heart, give him shelter for the night.

The farmer seemed uncertain, and said that first he must ask his wife. He re-entered the house, taking care to shut the door behind him. A few more minutes went by. But at length he returned with the Señora, whom he presented, and with simple dignity they bade the traveller welcome.

The farmer's wife was a beautiful woman, and the traveller, who knew the world, was surprised to hear that her voice, unlike that of an ordinary Mexican peasant, was cultivated and gentle. Its deep, cool tone reminded him—for he was of a romantic turn of mind—of the waters of the Blue Lake at Chapala, where as a boy he used to swim.

The Señora announced that she was in the act of preparing their evening meal and would be honoured if the traveller would join them. Afterwards, if he did not mind such simple quarters, he could sleep in the barn. There was, unfortunately, no room in the house, but he would find the barn clean and fresh enough.

And she went on to say that it was such a fine evening that perhaps the Señor would not mind eating in the open air. Her husband and she often laid a table under the eucalyptus trees and ate there, to the music of the crickets.

That night, between waking and sleeping, the traveller thought over the evening he had spent. The farmer had a quiet and scholarly humour, which was unexpected in one of his appearance. His wife, though she had joined but seldom in the conversation, seemed an intelligent woman. More than once their guest had felt quite at sea during their quiet discussions. They seemed devoted to each other. But the chief impression he received from his hostess was one of overwhelming sadness. Now and again she would smile wanly at her husband's sallies, but her dark, beautiful eyes remained pools of melancholy, and the liquid tones of her voice seemed to come from a broken heart. The traveller, from time to time, had seen her look hastily towards the house, as if to see that nothing was amiss. And now and then she had looked upwards at the windows, and once he intercepted her glance fixed on his own face. Then she had flushed and turned away, and, soon after, she had left the table and busied herself with the plates, which she cleared away and bore into the house.

After a few minutes' talk with his host, the traveller had betaken himself to the barn which had been put at his disposal for his night's rest. Inside the barn the air was like black velvet, so dark was it, and scented with dried grass and straw. A cricket, in the darkness outside, set up a belated hymn.

Suddenly, a slight noise made him start up. The door of the barn was being pushed slowly open and he heard light footsteps on the straw with which the floor was littered. Quickly he felt for his pistol, and, raising it, said in a loud voice, "Stop, or I fire!"

Was it a robber, or only a tramp seeking, like he himself, for a night's shelter? Whoever the intruder was, he was quite invisible in the darkness, and he might be armed with a knife or pistol, which he might use if startled by a sudden movement.

"Stop, or I fire!"

The only answer was a sigh, and a voice came through the darkness which was profoundly sad and which was, as our traveller had already remarked, cool as the waters of the Blue Lake at Chapala. (Did I not say he was a romantic?)

"I am so lonely—so miserable; will you comfort me a little?"

But it was not quite the same voice. It seemed almost overcome with emotion and was quite breathless. He stretched out his hand and a slim, cool one was slipped into it. Gently he drew the woman down on to the heaped straw.

Outside, a fitful burst of moonlight lit up, for a few seconds, the black countryside. Here and there a giant cactus cast a fantastic shadow. But in a moment it was dark again, dark and silent as a grave.

The next morning the traveller made ready to bid farewell to his host and to start once more on his way. But the farmer seemed disappointed that the Señor should have decided to leave them so soon. The Señora and he, he said, had few friends and their guest had brought a little life into the dull routine of their existence. Would he not stay another night? Oaxaca was but a few hours away. To-day or to-morrow—what did it matter? Life was long. So the traveller stayed, helping the farmer at his work during the day and supping with him and his wife under the eucalyptus trees, and entertaining them with stories of the outside world.

Soon after supper he returned to the barn, and less than an hour passed before he was once more disturbed. It was dark as pitch and there was no moon. This time he did not raise his pistol, but only stretched out his hand, to feel a cool, slim one slipped into it.

On the morrow his hosts were once more successful in persuading him to stay another night. He could be of such help on the farm, they said, and that night, the farmer's wife declared, she would kill a chicken for supper. He could go to Oaxaca to-morrow—or the next day. What did it matter? Life was long. So again the traveller stayed.

That night the farmer and his guest were very merry, drinking a sour red wine and eating the sweet white flesh of the chicken. Once or twice even the Señora laughed, and her laughter was as clear and tinkling as the fountains on the Avenida Lopez in Mexico City. Casting her a sidelong look, the traveller let his booted foot touch hers under the table. She looked at him, startled, and then flushed and looked away. Afterwards she was still more silent and aloof.

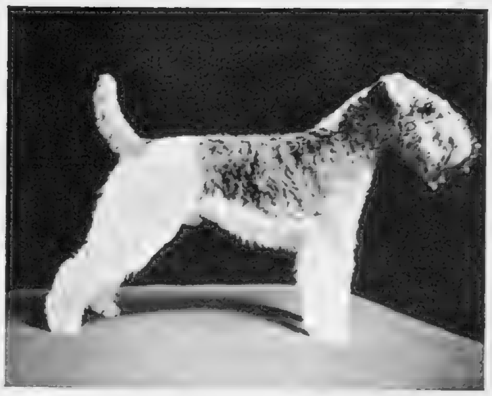
The traveller smiled to himself. She had all the tricks of a town beauty and far better looks than most of them. And he

[Continued on page 104.

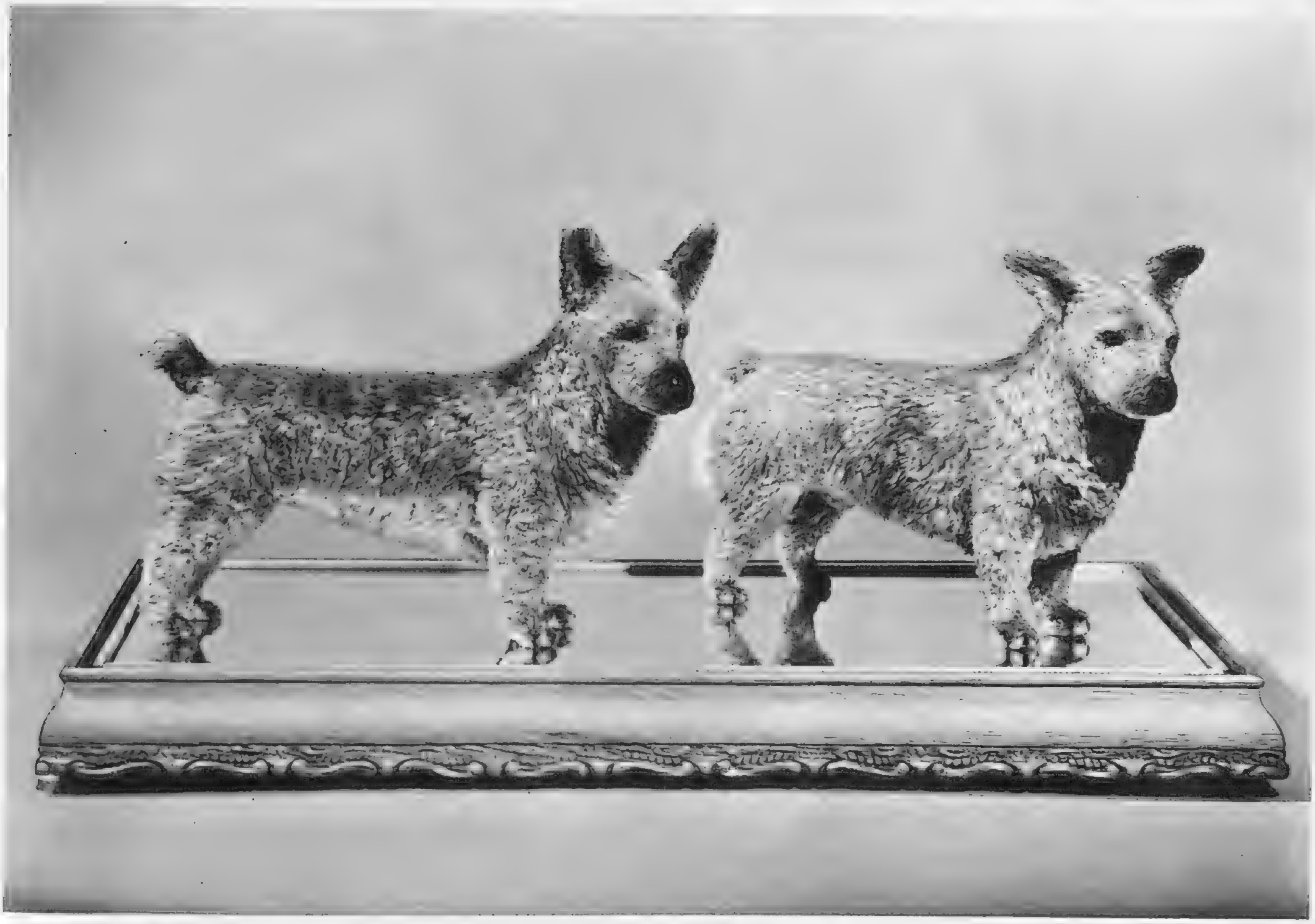
* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

FRENCH POODLE.

BORZOI.



WELL-BRED FOX TERRIER.



ROYAL WELSH CORGIS: *left*, JANE, OWNED BY PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE; *and right*, DOOKIE, PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S PET.

WHITE WEST HIGHLAND TERRIER.

PEKINGESE.

BEDLINGTON.

THREE - DIMENSIONAL PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCESSES' DOGS, AND OTHERS.

These true-to-life models are portraits from life or photograph made by a very clever craftsman, Charles Henkes, who lives at 31, Effingham Street, S.W.1. He keeps as close to life as possible; he makes the dog from wool, silk, or cotton, according to coat; this he weaves himself—each dog, about six or eight inches long, takes about 40 yards. Individual peculiarities are faithfully portrayed; note the expression of Dookie's ears, the look in each pair of eyes. Having lost a favourite Sealyham, Mr. Henkes thought he would like to have a real portrait of him, so he experimented, with the most admirable success.

HOSTESS AND GUESTS AT A DEBS'. BALL.

LADY ORR-LEWIS *gave a ball in her house in Upper Brook Street for her daughter, Miss Ursula Gibbons.* LADY BRIDGETT POULETT *(left) was a guest. Her white and gold brocade dress was excellent.*

MISS ROSEMARY MAITLAND - MAKGILL-CRICHTON *wore a coat of flame lace over taffetas, with long sleeves. Her partner is* MR. CHARLES HARDING.

MISS RENÉE BURN, *younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Clive Burn, is seen sitting out with* MR. RONALD GAUNT. *Her purple chiffon dress has a Greek neckline.*

MISS CYNTHIA TOULMIN, *daughter of Mrs. " Bill " Leveson Gower, of New York, with another deb.,* MISS BERYL JOHNSON.

Right : MISS RHONA STILEMAN, *one of the most admired débutantes, wore a Victorian style dress. She is with* MR. FRANCIS WHIGHAM.

MISS ROSAMUND BROUGHTON, *only daughter of Sir " Jock " and Lady Delves-Broughton, is with* MR. HOMFRAY.

Left : MISS URSULA GIBBONS, *for whom the dance was given, with* MR. RALPH HARBORD, *younger son of Mrs. Harbord, of Kirk Deighton Hall.*

Right : MISS ROY COWIE *is one of next year's debs., but has been to some dances. She is on the left with* MR. ANGUS MACKENZIE, MISS DIANA RADCLYFFE, *and* MR. GEOFFREY BAKER *(l. to r.).*

BEAUTY AND ELIGIBLES AT A COMING - OUT BALL.

At Mrs. C. H. Barber's coming-out dance for her déb. daughter, Miss Marie Louise Barber, flower decoration was all in pink and blue. MISS PAMELA LLOYD-THOMAS *is seen with the* HON. ALEXANDER HOOD, *Lord Hood's brother*

MISS JEANNE STOURTON *(right) with* MISS ANNE DE TRAFFORD, MR. JOHNNY VAN HAEFTEN, *and* MR. CHARLES DE BEAUMONT. *Miss Stourton is to be a godmother to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny's baby daughter. Mr. de Beaumont is captaining the British Fencing team which is competing in Paris on July 19 for the World Championships.*

MR. DOOCHIE MacGREGOR OF CARDNEY *and* MISS ANGELA VICKERS *were a good-looking pair at this party. "Doochie" is a cousin of the Earl of Mansfield and a subaltern in the Scottish Horse.*

Standing together are the HON. RUTH COKAYNE, *the youthful airwoman, and* SIR JOHN BARRAN, *the second Baronet, who lives at Sawley Hall, Ripon. Miss Cokayne is the youngest sister of Lord Cullen of Ashbourne.*

MRS. "BOBBIE" DUCAS *was a dinner hostess before the dance—two of her guests were débutante* RUTH MOORE, *daughter of H.M.'s racing manager, and* VISCOUNT FIELDING. *Mrs. Ducas was Miss Magda Stourton.*

The HON. ARTHUR GRENFELL, *and* MISS DIANA WOOLF BARNATO—*who looked lovely in a black net coat-frock over a light foundation. She is the daughter of Captain "Babe" Barnato and Mrs. Richard Wainwright.*

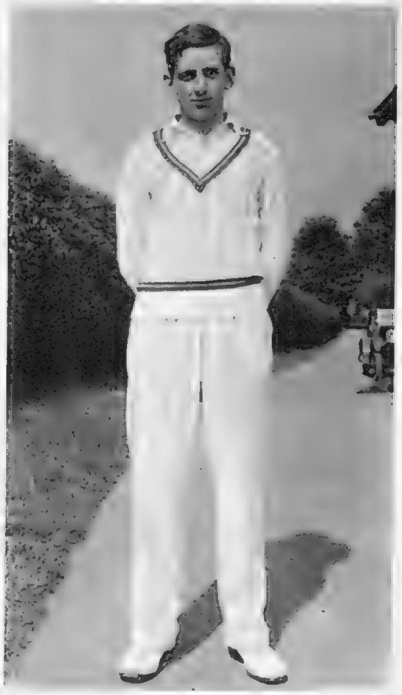
In front of a fireplace sat MISS DIANA ANDERSON, *and* MR. BRIAN TURNER, *17th Lancers, a good polo player who is a member of his regimental polo team.*

LADY BRIDPORT *wore a beautiful white dress bordered with gold. With her is* CAPTAIN BASIL WOOD, *13/19th Hussars.*

MISS HANNAH MARKS *and her partner sitting out. Miss Marks is the ex-débutante daughter of the Simon Marks, and is a very popular young girl.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO

MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS—FOR DARING TO SAY WHAT SHE REALLY THINKS IN AN AFTER-LUNCHEON SPEECH.



MR. D. H. MACINDOE *(Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford)*—FOR BEING CHOSEN AT THE AGE OF 19 TO PLAY FOR THE GENTLEMEN *v.* PLAYERS.

CAPTAIN A. WILCOCKSON *(here seen at home with Mrs. Wilcockson)*—FOR LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS OF A TRANSATLANTIC BRADSHAW.

MR. V. CANFIELD, *of Goodyear, Ohio*—FOR GIVING PEOPLE A CHANCE TO TALK BEHIND HIS BACK ABOUT THE AWARDS HE HAS WON.

MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS, star of "Black Limelight," as guest of honour at Foyle's Literary Luncheon last week (when Dr. Frank Buchman, the founder, and many members of the Oxford Group were present), spoke out her mind about public confession, which is one of the features of the Oxford Group. She said: "I consider public confession . . . to be psychic exhibitionism. . . . To me it is as shocking—and I use the word 'shocking' in the Victorian sense—as indecent and indelicate as if someone took off all their clothes in the middle of Piccadilly Circus."

MR. D. H. MACINDOE, who played for Oxford in the University Cricket match last week, has been chosen, at the age of nineteen, to play for the Gentlemen *v.* Players which opens to-day, July 14.

MR. V. CANFIELD'S back, decorated with his many rifle-shooting awards, roused much admiration at Bisley at the N.R.A. Coronation Meeting.

MISS MARGARET LANE *(here seen with Sir William Rothenstein)*—FOR HAVING WON THE "FEMINA VIE HEUREUSE" PRIZE WITH "FAITH, HOPE, AND NO CHARITY."

MR. REMOS and his sons, LESTER and STANLEY REMOS, the famous dwarf midgets, are appearing in "Wonderful World" at the Palace Theatre. Mr. Remos is able to see the world without having to spend much on the transport of his boys, aged sixteen and seventeen, as he can just pop them in a couple of Gladstone bags and carry them around to the Zoo or anywhere else they want to go.

MISS MARGARET LANE is a young writer who has received the "Femina Vie Heureuse" Prize this year. This has been awarded for her first novel, "Faith, Hope, and No Charity."

MR. HUMPHREY BOGART is to be seen in London in three different "villain rôles." They are Turkey Morgan in "Kid Galahad," Frank Taylor in "Black Legion," and Joe Kennedy in "San Quentin."

CAPTAIN A. WILCOCKSON was the pilot of the Imperial Airways flying-boat "Caledonia," which left Foynes, Ireland, on July 5, for the first test flight for the Atlantic air mail service, and landed at Botwood, Newfoundland, on July 6, 15 hours and 28 minutes after taking off.

MR. HUMPHREY BOGART—FOR DOING A VILLAINOUS HAT-TRICK ON THE SCREEN IN LONDON.

MR. PAUL REMOS—FOR BEING ABLE TO ENJOY NICE, CHEAP TRAVEL WITH HIS SIXTEEN- AND SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD SONS.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

EDINBURGH, not London, was the centre of the social stage last week, but that did not mean that entertaining, even of the official "outsize" kind, stopped for the period of the Scottish visit. There was an excellent party at India House on Monday, given by Sir Shiraz and Lady Noon in honour of Lady Linlithgow, who is home on leave from India; and the Alake of Abeokuta entertained his large circle of friends at the Dorchester on Thursday, before his departure from England.

This is how MARLENE DIETRICH *greeted her husband,* RUDOLPH SIEBER, *after a long absence. He had just arrived at Pasadena, California.*

India House contains some fine rooms, which were thrown open to guests; and there was dancing in one salon. The hostess wore an orange *sari* embroidered with silver, and Lady Linlithgow was most imposing in grey chiffon, sparkling with diamanté beads, and a high-pointed diamond tiara.

Lord and Lady Willingdon were the centre of a big group, for everyone was anxious to have a word with this distinguished and popular couple. She wore a gold lamé dress with a belt of deep pink velvet, which went well with her new Coronation Order. Lady Brabourne wore some of the finest jewels there. Her immense tiara and solid-looking necklace were of diamonds and emeralds in a link design, and she wore a mauve-and-gold embroidered brocade. When I saw her, she was talking to Lord and Lady Winterton, the latter an attractive figure with her dark hair brushed off her forehead almost in a Pompadour style, and wearing a silvery dress with dark-red roses on the shoulder. The Princess of Berar was handsome in a purple *sari* embroidered with golden wheat-ears and with a wide golden border.

MARY PICKFORD, *known in the days of silent films as "The World's Sweetheart," is seen as a bride. She is throwing her bouquet in the air after her wedding to* CHARLES ("BUDDY") ROGERS. *The ceremony was a simple one, held under a sycamore tree in the beautiful Hollywood garden of Mr. and Mrs. Louis D. Lighton.*

Mrs. Agatha Christie has dedicated her new novel, "Dumb Witness," to her TERRIER PETER. *In this story, a terrier, who is perhaps not such a dumb witness after all, plays an important part in helping Poirot to solve the mystery.*

Then, in the day-time, we had the annual after-Wimbledon lawn tennis party at Lady Crosfield's superb Highgate home. The players included some rather unexpected experts, like Lord Iliffe and Mr. J. B. Priestley, and their matches were good fun to watch during the course of the American tournament, in which many decorative and well-known young people took part. The two Paravicini girls were among the competitors, both looking very smart and business-like, and I specially admired Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini's white flannel shorts with a black stripe down the middle. Lady Catherine Ramsden, who is a very good player, was in canary-yellow shorts with a shirt to match, and Mlle. Livia Paravicini had dark-red tennis socks to match her bandeau.

Lord John Hope competed with Miss Georgina Wernher, who, like her mother, the former Countess Zia Torby, is a good player. The Polish Ambassador partnered Mrs. Robert Devereux, and Countess Raczynska came to watch her husband, and looked nice in a pink-and-black printed frock under a black coat. Lady Struthers, who was with Lady Blood, said she had just been lunching with Lord and Lady Lindsay, who went up to Scotland on Tuesday night for the Garden Party, and then proceeded direct to their Scottish seat, where they are going to stay for a while.

Royalty, in the persons of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise, attended the party, as they nearly always do, and a very nice gathering it is too, held in a superb setting. Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield were there to entertain their royal guests to tea in the drawing-room, and the general company had theirs under the pergola pavilion near the grass courts.

London can still offer variety in the art of dancing, for, if we have lost the Blum Ballet, we have gained Uday Shan-Kar's Indian dancers, who are giving a short season at the Gaiety, as well as the Ballets Russes at Covent Garden. Those who take choreographic art seriously can now make a study of the difference between Western and Eastern methods. To have seen Uday Shan-Kar and his troupe once is enough to make one become a fan of Indian dances, and most of his audience on the first night greeted the artists with the full knowledge of the delight that was awaiting them. Black-haired, decorative-looking pianist Miss Harriet Cohen, in a long, patterned brocade coat, was one of them.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE *wore a little coat trimmed with ermine at the world première of her latest picture, "Wee Willie Winkie." She is arriving with her mother,* MRS. GEORGE TEMPLE.

At Covent Garden on the same night, the programme consisted of "Le Pavillon," which is not, perhaps, one of the best of the ballets in the repertory of the de Basil's dancers, though Riabouchinska and Baranova were delightful in it; this was followed by "Choreartium," which is a subject of much controversy, some admiring it intensely, and others not thinking it an unmitigated success; and the last item on the programme was "Le Beau Danube," which is admired by all balletomanes, and certainly Riabouchinska and Massine surpassed themselves in their waltz, in which they seemed to float in the air.

Frederick Ashton, fresh from his Paris triumphs with the Vic-Wells dancers, was there, taking a busman's holiday, and was chatting to Cecil Beaton, who was responsible for the costumes and *décor* of "Le Pavillon." Lady Oxford was again present. On the following night, when "Le Tricorne" was superbly given by Tchernicheva and Massine, the applause was almost deafening. Lady Patricia Latham, lovely in pale blue and silver, was one of the many balletomanes present.

Though the Q Theatre is a favourite with discerning playgoers, it isn't usually a place of white ties and *grande tenue*; but on the evening of the première of "Destination Unknown," by those popular sisters Audrey and Waveney Carten, a very *chic* and well-dressed audience turned up. Lord Poulett was there with his sister, Lady Bridgett; Mrs. Dudley Ward, whose girl Penelope is Lady Jane in "Victoria Regina," at the Lyric, was to be seen; and Mrs. Peter Thursby and her sister, Mrs. Ronnie Aird, came together. Mr. Charles Birkin arrived with Lady Stanley of Alderley, who later gave a supper-party at her house in Regent's Park, and I saw Mrs. Ivor Back and Lady Caroline Paget in the house. The sister-authors would not appear on the stage to take a call at the end, until continued applause brought them out of their hiding-place, and, looking very neat and trim in day dress, they bowed their thanks to the enthusiastic audience.

. . . . .

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten—who had a cocktail-party last week—have given their friends plenty of new house-decoration ideas over the treatment of the famous Brook House penthouse, in which the King and Queen were recently entertained at dinner. The King, by the way, was most interested in the relief-map of the world that Lord Louis has in his pale-blue and Indian-red study. This may soon, I hear, be adorned with a red line to illustrate Lord Louis' travels round the world with the Duke of Windsor, to add a special personal interest.

. . . . .

My Scottish spy writes rather sadly of the downpour Garden Party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse—but what a lesson in the advantages of optimism it provided! The faint-hearted who went home after the rain-storm, or simply did not get out of their cars when they saw the soaking lawns, the flooded tables, sopping marquees, the huddled groups under shelter, and the crowds in the Palace passages, where guests had been invited to take refuge, must have been much chagrined when they heard from those of stouter fibre that after the storm was over the King and Queen decided to risk coming out and appeared, complete with umbrellas, to greet those guests who had braved the elements.

The Queen managed to smile through it all, and kept on saying, "I'm so sorry; isn't it dreadful!" She wore the pink dress and coat, trimmed with pink fur, that she had one day at Ascot—a lovely ensemble which suits her extremely well. The little Princesses shared an umbrella and looked very serious over the affair. The royal promenades only lasted a very short time—hardly more than half an hour, and as soon as their Majesties had returned to the Palace, heavy rain once more began to fall. It was very disappointing, as the morning had begun brilliantly, with gay sunshine for the royal drive to St. Giles, and the Scottish ladies were tempted to come to the Garden Party in the most "Ascot-y" of frocks, so that the damage done to dresses was specially heavy. It was only the very early arrivals and those who decided after five o'clock, when the rain had stopped, that they would go and see what was afoot, who can have enjoyed the party at all.

MISS DOROTHY ANNE NORTH, *elder daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley North and grand-daughter of Lord North, is engaged to Mr. Robert Alexander Clive Graham, third son of the late Captain W. L. Graham and of Lady O'Donnell.*

MISS CHRISTIAN ELIZABETH ANNE HEDLEY, *youngest daughter of Colonel Sir Coote Hedley, is engaged to Mr. Cecil Haviland de Sausmarez, only son of Brigadier-General C. de Sausmarez.*

MISS ERICA MARTIA CLAYTON EAST, *younger daughter of the late Sir George Clayton East, Bt., is engaged to Captain John Kenneth Maitland Gordon, the Welch Regiment, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gordon.*

. . . . .

Lord and Lady Elibank were entertaining at Elibank during Royal Week, and it was unfortunate that they also should have had such a wet afternoon for their garden-party. However, apart from the fact that a steady downpour of heavy rain made it impossible to stroll about the attractive gardens, the weather did not seem to deter the large assembly of guests in the very least. They wandered around the house, admired the fine old family portraits, and then adjourned into a spacious marquee to enjoy a truly luscious tea. One room in particular proved an irresistible attraction. This was Lord Elibank's "den," the walls of which are covered with a profusion of photographs framed newspaper cuttings, caricatures, and cartoons. They give one a bird's-eye view of the life and achievements of an amazingly active man.

Lady Elibank's cook had nobly risen to the occasion and cut quantities of her celebrated orange and chopped nut sandwiches, which disappeared with alarming rapidity. Sampling these succulent "eats" I found Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark and his popular young wife, who appears to grow prettier each time that I see her. She and her husband, by the way, are now settled in the new house that they have taken at Blackhall, just outside Edinburgh, whither they moved lately from Philipstoun, that delightful Adam "gem" on the Hopetoun estate which they made their headquarters for some years. I had almost forgotten to tell you what Lady Stewart-Clark wore. Her exceedingly *chic* outfit consisted of a simple black silk frock and neat little hip-length jacket. I liked, too, her large Breton "halo" hat.

Looking as neat and alert as ever, Lady Elibank was kept very busy telling people all about her recent holiday in Holland. Lady Hay of Haystoun chatted to Mrs. Murray Philipson. The latter, who presented Miss Penelope Woosnam at the first Coronation Court at Holyrood, had a house full of friends at Stobo Castle this week. Among others whom I met in the course of the afternoon were Miss Anna Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir's sister—who is perhaps better known to us by her pen name of "O. Douglas"—and Mr. John Mackenzie, the youthful laird of Dolphinton.

MARIEGOLD.

MR. CECIL BEATON *and* LADY BROWNLOW *are seen rehearsing for the tableau "The Long Engagement," presented as one of the scenes in "Cecil Beaton's Scrap Album," at the Anti-Dud Ball arranged to take place last night, July 13.*

RECORDING THE WEEK'S EVENTS.

At the garden-party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse when the King and Queen were present: MISS CRAIK HENDERSON *walking with* CAPTAIN REILLY SMITH.

MISS HOPE SINCLAIR, *one of the 200 Scottish débutantes who were presented at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. She was presented by her mother, Mrs. Donald Sinclair.*

MISS SOPHIE STEWART, *who has had good parts on the screen, leaving for her presentation at Holyrood, with her brother,* MR. J. HENDERSON STEWART, M.P. *for East Fife.*

Left: LADY CHURSTON *with a prize-winning competitor at the Baby Show held at a fête in the grounds of Lord Churston's estate at Churston, near Torquay.*

Right: The British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition came in for some hot criticism in the House of Commons when Miss Irene Ward, M.P., described the setting for British dresses as "appalling." This has now been changed and improved, and here we see its new aspect.

MRS. MITCHELL *was charmingly hatted and gowned for the League of Mercy Garden Party held at St. James's Palace.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *laid the foundation-stone of a new nurses' hostel for the Lowestoft and North Suffolk last week. She is seen receiving a purse from a small boy during the ceremony.*

MISS JESSE BROWN, *whose mother gave a dance for her last Monday, July 5, photographed by Angus McBean.*

THE SECOND EARL BEATTY AND HIS COUNTESS.

EARL and COUNTESS BEATTY *posed for this photograph in the well-stocked library of their Grosvenor Square home. Earl Beatty sat as Conservative Member for Peckham until he inherited the Earldom on the death of his father, the famous Admiral, in 1936. His marriage to Mrs. Dorothy Power Sands took place this year.*

Another study of EARL *and* COUNTESS BEATTY *at home. She has fair hair and blue eyes. He is very like his famous father.*

EARL BEATTY, *accompanied by* COUNTESS BEATTY, *last week went to Canning Town Dockland Settlement, where he unveiled a tablet and opened a garden in memory of his father. He and Lady Beatty are watching the children playing in the sandpit.*

Right: The Beattys' house in Grosvenor Square contains a very fine hall and staircase. The outsize globe partially conceals Lord Beatty.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE HAYDON AND "THE TIMES."

RAINCOAT FASHIONS AT BIBURY.

A storm of rain at Salisbury on the opening day of the Bibury Club race meeting brought out a variety of wet-weather coats. Here is MISS T. VAUX *completely enveloped in a cape.*

MRS. HARTIGAN *wore a swagger-raincoat; she is with the* COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

LADY VIOLET VERNON *with* MR. MERVYN VERNON.

MRS. JOHN DEWAR'S *oiled-silk coat had a pattern of powder-puffs. She is with the* HON. PETER PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE.

SIR RICHARD SYKES *was racing with* MISS CHRISTIE MILLER.

MISS HAZEL PEPPER *and* MISS URSULA LIVINGSTONE - LEARMONTH *in contrast.*

MRS. CHARLES, *with* MRS. McCLELLAN *in one of the oiled-silk capes which pack up small.*

HILLMAN
Proudly Announce
THE NEW MINX
WITH TWENTY DOMINANT NEW FEATURES
SAFETY SALOON
£169
GREATEST VALUE IN THE HISTORY OF MOTORING
THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., COVENTRY, London Showrooms and Export Dept.: ROOTES LTD., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1
Write for illustrated brochure.
C. F. H.

RACING WITH SALISBURY AS A BACKGROUND: THE BIBURY CLUB ME

FROM THE PICTURE

TING.

Y LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

The Bibury Club meeting, which took place last week, is held on Salisbury Race-course, one of the prettiest in England. Salisbury Cathedral is seen in the background.

A Guarantee

Seagram's "V.O."

You will find the Canadian Government Certificate of Age over the capsule of every bottle of Seagram's "V.O." Rye and Bourbon whiskey.

THINK before you drink—*say* SEAGRAM'S *and be sure*

A TWO-HOSTESS DANCE.

The dancers included MISS MARJORIE BROADBRIDGE, MR. REGINALD WILLIAMS, MISS CHRISTINA DAWKINS *(daughter of Sir Horace Dawkins), and* MR. McCAUSLAND.

The Hon. Mrs. Frank Hopwood and Mrs. Dennis Mackail, wife of the well-known novelist, were joint dance hostesses last week at the May Fair Hotel. Our group shows MR. PETER WILLIAMS, MISS MARY MACKAIL *(one of the girls for whom the dance was given),* MISS ANN MACKAIL, *and* MR. ANTHONY BALFOUR.

The HON. VALERIE MANSFIELD, *débutante daughter of Lord and Lady Sandhurst, faced the camera with* MR. JOHN MEAD.

Right: VISCOUNTESS SELBY *wore her diamond stars with a sequin-trimmed dress. She is with* MR. J. RYLAND.

MISS ROSEMARY FITZWILLIAM *wore a brocade dress and long ear-rings. She is shown sitting out with* MR. DAVID DUNNAND.

MISS SHEILA MACNAMARA *is with* MR. JOHN RYLAND *and* SIR WILLIAM WRIXON-BECHER, *fifth Baronet.*

MR. O. POLUNIN, PRINCE HOHENLOHE, *and* MISS ADDISON *were guests at the dance.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET CAUGHT IN THE AIR.

"LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE," to music by Rossini, arranged by Respighi, is one of the most popular of the ballets in the repertoire of the de Basil Ballets Russes now at Covent Garden. Here SHABELEVSKY (in top-hat) is giving the Snob's Dance—and is seen literally in the air.

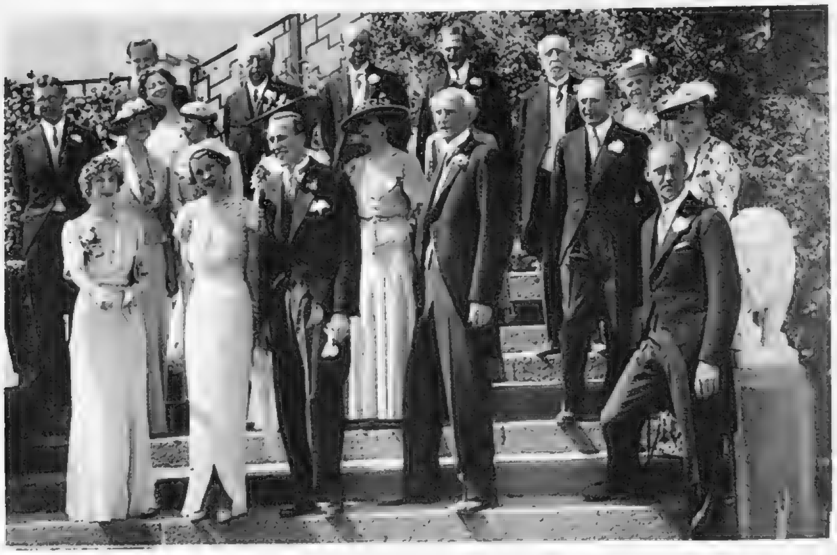
Right: "SCHEHERAZADE," the Arabian Nights Ballet to music by Rimsky-Korsakov, is presented with its original Bakst setting and costumes. The amazing death-somersault of the Slave (SHABELEVSKY) has here been caught by the camera's magic.

"LE MARIAGE D'AURORE," o
of the most celebrated ballets
the classical manner, is danced
Tchaikovsky music, that of
"Casse-Noisette" suite. H
LICHINE *is leaping across*
stage in the Blue Bird dan

Left: IRINA BARONOVA *in*
perfect pose in "LE MARIA
D'AURORE." *On the openi*
night of the season at Cov
Garden she appeared in
famous "pas de deux" w
Petroff, and gave a very f
performance.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERLYN SEVE

ROYAL, MILITARY, AND POLITICAL WEDDINGS.



The marriage of PRINCE CHARLES OF SWEDEN to COUNTESS ELSA VON ROSEN was solemnised at Fridhem Castle. The bridegroom, through his marriage, lost his title of Prince of Sweden, but has received from his brother-in-law, King Leopold of the Belgians, the title of Prince Charles of Bernadotte. Our group shows (l. to r., in front) PRINCESS INGEBORG, mother of the bridegroom; the BRIDE, the BRIDEGROOM, PRINCE CHARLES, snr., father of the bridegroom; and PRINCE AXEL OF DENMARK. Behind may be seen the CROWN PRINCE and PRINCESS OF NORWAY, and at the back, on the left, the CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

Right: The marriage of Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, jnr., son of the President of the United States, to MISS ETHEL DUPONT took place recently. This is the bride in her wedding dress.

MR. DOUGLAS RENNY, King's Own Scottish Borderers, only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel S. G. Renny and of Mrs. Renny, married MISS MARGOT WORTHAM, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. C. Wortham, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

VISCOUNT MONCK married BARONESS VRETO, second daughter of Professor and Frau Zaunmüller-Freudenthaler, of Vienna, at Caxton Hall. The civil ceremony was followed by a religious service at the Guards' Chapel.

Above: The wedding of CAPTAIN JAMES FRANCIS SCOTT-McLAREN, O.B.E., the Black Watch, to MISS CICELY ANNE HUDDLESTON, daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Huddleston, of Auchengare, Rhu, Dumbartonshire, was solemnised at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

Right: The marriage of MISS CATHERINE ANNE ROBERTSON, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Robertson, of Albert Hall Mansions, to Mr. Geoffrey Cecil Burton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Burton, of Finchley, took place at St. Columba's Church of Scotland. The bride is here seen with her bridesmaids, MISSES ELIZABETH LLEWELLYN, JOAN LAMBERT, MARJORIE FERRY, and PAMELA PORTLOCK.

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
FAMILY COMPLICATIONS.

A riding accident plays an important part in the plot of "To Have and to Hold," at the Haymarket. Brian Harding (KENETH KENT), *whose horse has fallen on him, is being assisted into the house by his wife, June* (MARIE NEY), *and her secret lover, Max Harding* (HARTLEY POWER, *left*), *who is Brian's cousin from the Argentine.*

An unexpected family reunion. The group consists of (l. to r.) Brian Harding (KENETH KENT), *Robert de Winter* (BASIL RADFORD), *June* (MARIE NEY), *Peggy Harding* (DOROTHY HYSON), *the young daughter of Max Harding, whom he has not seen since the divorce from his wife, Max* (HARTLEY POWER), *and Roberta de Winter* (MIGNON O'DOHERTY).

Peggy Harding (DOROTHY HYSON) *is finally reconciled to June Harding* (MARIE NEY), *who is the wife of Brian Harding, but in love with his cousin Max, the father of Peggy.*

Left: Brian Harding (KENETH KENT) *is now a cripple, and, since his accident, fishing is the only sport he can enjoy. He is showing a new fly to Peggy* (DOROTHY HYSON), *the daughter of his cousin Max.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO CO.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

NOT all the adjectives could convey the excited anticipation and the warmth of the welcome which greeted Colonel de Basil's "BALLETS RUSSES" when they opened their fifth London season at Covent Garden, nor measure the delighted appreciation of their programme. Everything was so right. That lovely old theatre, packed from floor to ceiling, is the perfect *milieu*. The *divertissements* were designed to introduce the several members of this talented company, and those of us who had memories had reason to be thrilled by the familiar, whilst new-comers must have experienced something in the nature of revelation. The Russian Ballet season, through its rewards, has become that rare event which, to its appreciators, is both a social duty and a joyous occasion. When the curtain rose on "Cimarosiana," that sparkling *suite de danses* devised by Massine, we were transported into enchanted realms. The costumes and scenery of Sert present in themselves a charming spectacle, the modes and period fit the gay and spirited music, and the animated dancing brings the stage to life with its witty movement. Then followed "La Boutique Fantasque," and this old favourite lost nothing of its pleasures, because every character had individuality, the miming was eloquent, and the *corps de ballet* were never less than good. The third ballet in the programme was "Aurora's Wedding," to the familiar music of Tchaikovsky. Though it is something of a medley of fragments from the original Diaghilev creation, its place is so established that no first night would be complete without it. The soloists each have "their exits and their entrances," and acclamations point them all. Criticism is disarmed, and one can only record a few of the special events, a few of the individual moments that shone in a dazzling display above the rest. There was Riabouchinska and Lichine in the opening ballet; the Can-Can Dancers of Danilova and Massine; and the delicious cameo drawn by Shabelevsky as the neat little Snob in "Boutique Fantasque." What a superb ballerina is Danilova, for her dancing goes beyond technical dexterity, and the ease and delicacy of her steps and eloquent gestures persuade us she could not do the wrong thing. And Baranova, too, in "Aurora" was brilliant. No praise could be too extravagant for the strength and power by which she urged on the excitement in the Adagio, and what could be more exquisite than her Sugar Plum Fairy? And I must mention the ever-popular Blue Bird of Riabouchinska and Lichine, which could hardly be better done. The solos, the ensembles, the settings, and the music combined to give us a wonderful evening. There can be no doubt that such an array of disciplined talent will command success, and having danced their way into our affections with familiar numbers, we await with zest the novelties to come.

An impression of the **LADIES OF THE DE BASIL BALLETS RUSSES,** *now in full swing at Covent Garden. They are in* **"CHOREARTIUM,"** *the ballet danced to Brahms' Symphony No. 4.*

And these are the **GENTLEMEN OF THE DE BASIL BALLETS RUSSES** *as they appear in "Choreartium."*

UDAY SHAN-KAR with his company of Hindu dancers and musicians was enthusiastically welcomed at the Gaiety, where they have returned for a brief season. This dancing is the expression of an art entirely distinct and different, both in conception and execution, from the Russian Ballet. It is Eastern, and in its plastic movement reveals the tenseness of immobility and the power of suspended action. It is rich in symbolism not always to be understood, but it is continuously beautiful. To enjoy it demands nothing more than a sensitive appreciation for fine things brought to fine issues. The music, which is so integral a part of the performance, remains strange, yet curiously fascinating. The percussion of the drums, so delicate yet so compulsive, and the concord of gongs, pipes and cymbals, creates a micro-tonal background of subtle rhythms which blossoms in the interpretative motions of these versatile dancers. "Tandava Nrittya" dramatises an episode in the life of the god Shiva, and all the mystery of Hindu myth takes shape. Though there are no concessions to what is termed popular taste, there is, nevertheless, a rich popular appeal in the novelty of the sinuous gesture, the colour and design and mystic attraction which pervades throughout, and in the haunting orchestral effects. Above all, there is the personality and accomplishment of Shan-Kar himself. There is the marvellous control of breath and limb, the poise and statuesque stillness as well as the swift and energetic action, while every gesture is æsthetically satisfying even when its symbolic value is not comprehended. There were many varied items in the programme, all expressive, and one gem was a little idyll of Krishna. Hands and bodies, so lithe as instruments, weave creatively out of traditional material, to the strains of unfamiliar music, dances Oriental in character, but universally acceptable because they are so beautiful.

"I know the type," says the understanding Aunt Catherine to the broken-hearted child in the play "UP THE GARDEN PATH," at the Embassy; and in this remark lies its essential criticism. For at the core of this diverting history of a village sale of work is a theme of romantic youth cramped and damped by crabbed age. But the author has preferred to describe in a series of continual farcical eruptions—for the stage never rests—the various types that forgather. Miss Margaret Rutherford is delightfully comic with her work-basket and her bran-tub, and every interjection provokes laughter. Miss Muriel Aked, as the fussy, meddling spinster, bursts in conveniently and inconveniently and always to amuse. Miss Elliot Mason is the testy grandmother with wise saws and modern instances. Miss Marjorie Fielding draws the type of the narrow self-righteous; and Miss Frances Waring, the maid with managing common sense.

Against this background of types, character struggles to develop in the sensitive child of Miss Patricia Hilliard, and the sympathetic study of Miss Beatrix Lehmann. It is not allowed to deepen, for the surface is continually whipped into a froth of fun. It is a light-hearted, amusing piece, and it successfully hits its farcical target. Admirably played and swiftly produced, it glosses the faults due to the compression of Richmal Crompton's story, and thoroughly delighted the audience. Originally produced by the Repertory Players, Mr. Ireland Wood's comedy, by reason of its mirth-provoking bustle, is likely to be again translated.

G. F. H.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

JULES VERNE'S famous story of a Tsar's heroic courier has seen some service on the stage and on the silent screen. Its thrills of high adventure and heavy villainy have been revived to furnish a stellar rôle for Anton Walbrook, who, in his turn, suffers the tribulations of Tsar Alexander's noble messenger. "MICHAEL STROGOFF," presented at the Regal, is unabashed melodrama of the older school, and the director, George Nicholls, jnr., has wisely eschewed any attempt to modify its turgid nature, even at the risk of raising a smile or two at situations planned to set our pulses beating. The piece opens impressively with hordes of rebellious Tartars sweeping across the plain as though driven relentlessly forward by the great wind following in their wake. To prevent the isolation of the Grand Duke Vladimir's forces at Irkutsk, Captain Michael Strogoff is deputed by the Tsar to break through the Tartar lines with vital information concerning the movements of the Imperial troops. The gallant Strogoff sets forth with the lovely spy, Zangarra, at his heels, and a charming travelling companion under his knightly wing. In Omsk, alas, the couple fall into the hands of the Tartar leader, Ogareff. And that might well have been the end of a lesser man than Strogoff, who survives drowning, emotional crises, and blinding, to turn up in the nick of time for a smashing fight with Ogareff and the victorious defence of Irkutsk. Here is full measure for your money—a melodrama staged on a spectacular scale, with battles, barbaric splendours, and a river of blazing oil included. Jules Verne created a Strogoff of more than life-size, to whose heroic stature Anton Walbrook does not always attain, but he bears himself gallantly, earnestly, and modestly withal. Akim Tamaroff's chubby Tartar chief is a smiling, damnèd villain; Margot Grahame looks very beautiful as the spy, and Elizabeth Allan hovers tremulously on the outskirts of many disasters to comfort her much-tormented hero.

DAVID LICHINE *moves so quickly that our artist had to give three impressions of him.*

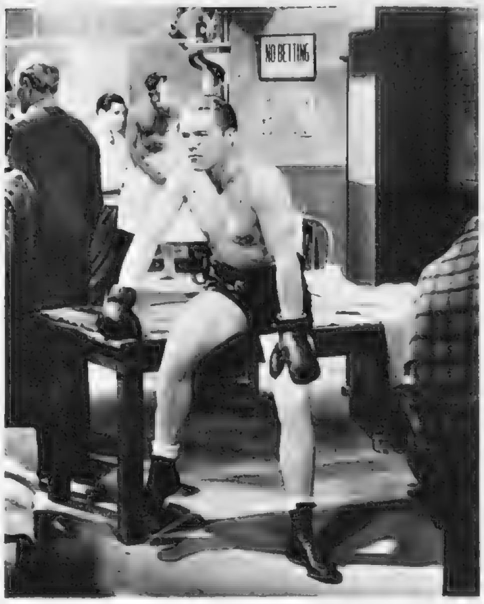
Once again a fertile field for an all-colour picture has been sought in the lumber camps, where the panorama of forest, mountain, and lake deploys its rainbow tints for a Technicolor harvest. But "GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN," at the Plaza, based on a novel by James Oliver Curwood, does occasionally penetrate into the precincts of the lumber kings' City offices, thus permitting the picture to demonstrate the possibility of applying colour to quite ordinary folk—business men, typists, and secretaries, who emerge from their black and white uniforms both pleasantly and naturally. The story deals with a feud between two big lumber concerns, with a determined man at the head of one and an equally determined girl in command of the other. To the camp of the lumber queen comes her rival's younger brother, playboy and philanderer, who not only learns to work and to love under her iron rule, but also to fight when the two camps come to grips. Directed by William Keighley, the theme is breezily developed, with plenty of vigorous action and interesting sidelights on the felling, cutting, and transport of timber. The natural-colour photography adds its animation to the headlong plunge of the great logs into the river and a vivid reality to the final dynamiting of a mighty "jam" of piling tree-trunks in a log-stream; whilst the well-handled crowd scenes, revealing no deliberate straining after contrasting hues, take on a lively aspect. Set against this colourful background, George Brent's portrait of impudence transformed into something like dignity is a clean-cut and characteristic piece of work. I like the truculent spirit of Beverly Roberts, as she faces up to troublesome "rough-necks" and exasperating lover. I like, too, the open-air feeling of a picture that picks up beauty in odd spots and is straightforward, well varied, and always on the move.

It is pleasant to think that there are probably thousands of families exactly like the one selected by Dodie Smith for her comedy, "CALL IT A DAY," which, after its long runs in the West End and on Broadway, has returned to London in cinematic form and is now at the New Gallery. The Hiltons—mother, father, son, and two daughters—are such thoroughly nice people, and if we do not know them personally, the loss is certainly ours. They are comfortably off, comfortably housed, becomingly garbed, and evidently immune from the graver troubles of an unquiet world. They are also arch sentimentalists; therefore the events of an April day, traced by Miss Smith for our delectation, are attuned to Tennyson's words: "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The Hiltons are not moderns; they do not dismiss these fancies without heart-searchings. Indeed, Catherine, the eldest daughter, bedews her pillow with many tears because the artist she adores has been whisked away from temptation by a sensible wife. Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, encountering romance — after twenty-two years of marital bliss—and rather alarmed by it, negotiate their fences with some difficulty, though they land safely on firm ground. No; they are not moderns, nor are their youngsters drawn from the ranks of the "bright young people." But their emotional adventures have been deftly spun into a gay pattern that lends itself well to cinematic treatment, and a shrewd wit decorates the dialogue. The play demands an unforced and completely natural note in its interpretation, and herein the older generation is by far the most successful. Frieda Inescourt, as the serene and charming Mrs. Hilton, is perfect in her poise and in her quiet sense of humour. Ian Hunter, as her stalwart husband, is typical of the "backbone of England," and Alice Brady flutters entertainingly as their slightly more reckless friend, whose brother, admirably played by Roland Young, lays sudden siege to Mrs. Hilton. The young folk do not, on the whole, adjust themselves so easily to their English frame, but, despite their over-emphasis, the comedy preserves its freshness, its fluency, and its popular appeal.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page vi.

VIEWS OF THREE NEW FILMS.

"CALL IT A DAY," *the successful stage play by Dodie Smith, is presented as a Warner Brothers picture at the New Gallery. Here Dorothy* (FRIEDA INESCORT) *and her husband, Roger Hilton* (IAN HUNTER), *are about to begin the eventful day.*



Right: WAYNE MORRIS *is a newcomer to the screen. So far he has had only small parts, but in Warner Bros.' prize-ring melodrama, "Kid Galahad," at the Gaumont, Haymarket, he is starred as a boxer.*

"CALL IT A DAY." *Frank* (ROLAND YOUNG) *meets Dorothy* (FRIEDA INESCORT) *with his sister Muriel* (ALICE BRADY, *right) and thinks that she is an unmarried girl.*

"CALL IT A DAY." *Catherine Hilton* (OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND) *has fallen in love with Paul Francis* (WALTER WOOLF KING), *the artist who is painting her portrait.*

Left: "THE LILAC DOMINO," *due at the London Pavilion on July 19, is a gay story of life in Budapest.* JUNE KNIGHT *is the charming and fearless Shari de Gonda.*

Right: "THE LILAC DOMINO" *is a Capitol-Cecil production.* MICHAEL BARTLETT *is the gay Hungarian Hussar whose adventures make up the story.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JANET JEVONS.

"PAGANINI'S" PRINCESS.

MISS EVELYN LAYE *plays the part of the beautiful Princess of Lucca in* "PAGANINI," *the operetta at the Lyceum, with Richard Tauber in the title-rôle. It was announced recently that Mr. C. B. Cochran had decided to continue the run of the play for a limited period, instead of withdrawing it ten days ago, according to his original intention.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BIRD FROM "BEAUTY IN THE HUMAN FORM," BY GASTON AND ANDRÉE.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY PERSONIFIED.

This lovely camera - study of "The Archer" was posed by the well-known dancer and physical culturist, Rosemary Andrée.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

● First let us look at the charming Promenade shoes immediately above. The sandals in plaited raffia, with red, green, or brown predominating, cost 12s. 9d.; the toeless instep-tie shoe in the centre, made in blue, green, red, or natural linen, with a low heel, is the same price, and is made alternatively with a Cuban heel and an instep bar; while the third model is of blue, red, or white suède trimmed with piped kid. These cost 29s. 6d.

● Secondly, the beach shoes sketched below. There are two with crocheted fronts—one toeless and the other solid—both with heel straps and ankle ties, and both with rubber soles. In both cases the price is 3s. 11½d. The third shoe, in the centre, is also crocheted with both the toe and the heels covered. It is made in blue, red, green, and natural, or in all natural, and it costs 4s. 11½d. The same shades predominate in the other shoes.

● Lastly, we have dance shoes, the first (above the figures) in white velvet, stitched and strapped with gold kid, lined luxuriously with pink satin. It is also made in black and white satin, and, miraculously, it costs only 12s. 9d.

● The strap sandal in the centre, with the wide instep bar, is made in black satin or crêpe, and in white, which can be dyed to any colour. It costs 29s. 6d., and is cool and light.

● Finally we have an amusing toeless and backless cocktail sandal in red and black satin, in two tones of blue, or in all-white satin, with a gold kid front and heel-piece patterned with cut-out hearts, spades, clubs, and diamonds in red and black. Price 16s. 9d. All the shoes on this page come from Dolcis, of 350, Oxford Street, London, W.

SUITS SET THE PACE FOR EARLY

WHEN Jaegar's get busy designing suits for Scotland there 's real excitement in the air. We have photographed, on the left, their very newest notion—a slender checked skirt in rich, deep Egyptian colourings, with a loose coat striped in the same shades. It 's a fresh silhouette, and it is both debonair and young.

The second suit is classic in line but slickly modern in interpretation. Made in a checked tweed with the selvadge used to accent its line, the belted jacket is worn with a bright scarlet waistcoat, and the skirt has deep pleats to give a swing to the hem.

You will find Plus Fours, too, on the Shooting Floor at 204, Oxford Street, with gay stockings, gloves, and scarves to match, and you 'll find their tweed cocktail suits extremely interesting. They have revers edged with velvet and transparent tweed blouses, or you can be really gay and have a pepper-and-salt suit with stitched sequins on the revers.

AUTUMN

JOHN EVERARD

THERE is a new subtlety about travel clothes. They are no longer worn just for the journey. Instead, they carry you triumphantly through a great part of your holiday, and they enable you to arrive at your destination as neat and efficient-looking as when you started.

Here is a Matita suit and frock, both from Harrods, of Knightsbridge. The girl who is sitting on the back of the car is wearing a frock in chaudron brown, which is very like cinnamon. It has a bodice which is pleated down the front from a shaped yoke fastened with windlass buttons, and round the waist is tied a bright Indian-patterned tie-silk sash.

Her companion wears a grey Jersey suit edged with black braid, the belt fastened with a charcoal buckle. The jacket has high, curved revers and six pockets, and the hand-blocked scarf shows a small antique design. Both the suit and the dress are as elegantly streamlined as modern cars.

ALL SET FOR SCOTLAND or for TOURING

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE author of the most famous of all war-novels, Herr Remarque, has now turned his back on the war, but he still remembers it, and the "Three Comrades" of his latest novel are three ex-Service men whose friendship, forged in the firing-line, has endured until the days of the Nazi régime. Or, rather, until the early beginnings of it; the Brownshirts only begin to make their presence felt, very unmistakably and disagreeably, towards the end. So the book is not concerned with politics, except in the widest sense. It reflects, indeed, the changed economic conditions which make a livelihood hard to come by, and also the new moral conventions which prevailed for a time in the post-war period. But its subject is love.

Humanising Influences.

Love becomes paramount in the book directly the hero, Robert Lohkamp, makes the acquaintance of Patricia Hollmann. But it has three rivals, or perhaps I should say, associated interests: friendship, motor-cars, and drink. The comrades retain their comradeship, even though one of them, besides Robert, falls under Patricia's spell. It sinks into the background but it persists, and flames up again when Gottfried Lenz is murdered. It is one of the chief humanising elements of a very human story. Almost equally important is what I may call the automobile interest. The three friends make their living from a garage. The garage is not a flourishing concern, but it boasts one possession—the disreputable-looking Karl, which can run almost any car off the road. Naturally, all the friends are essentially motor-minded, and an understanding, or at any rate an appreciation, of this ruling passion will add to the enjoyment of Herr Remarque's readers; though the most confirmed and belligerent pedestrian will relish the account of the great race. Machinery has now such a general appeal that I suppose we must count the motor-*motif* as another of the author's links with common human nature. To drink, too, is human. Robert is a past-master of this art, for an art it must be reckoned, since no one, in fiction or in life, ever drank so much without getting drunk. In England, an effort has been made to dissociate alcohol and motoring. The three friends recognised no such divorce. Rum was Robert's favourite tipple. On one occasion (he tells his story in the first person) he remarks—

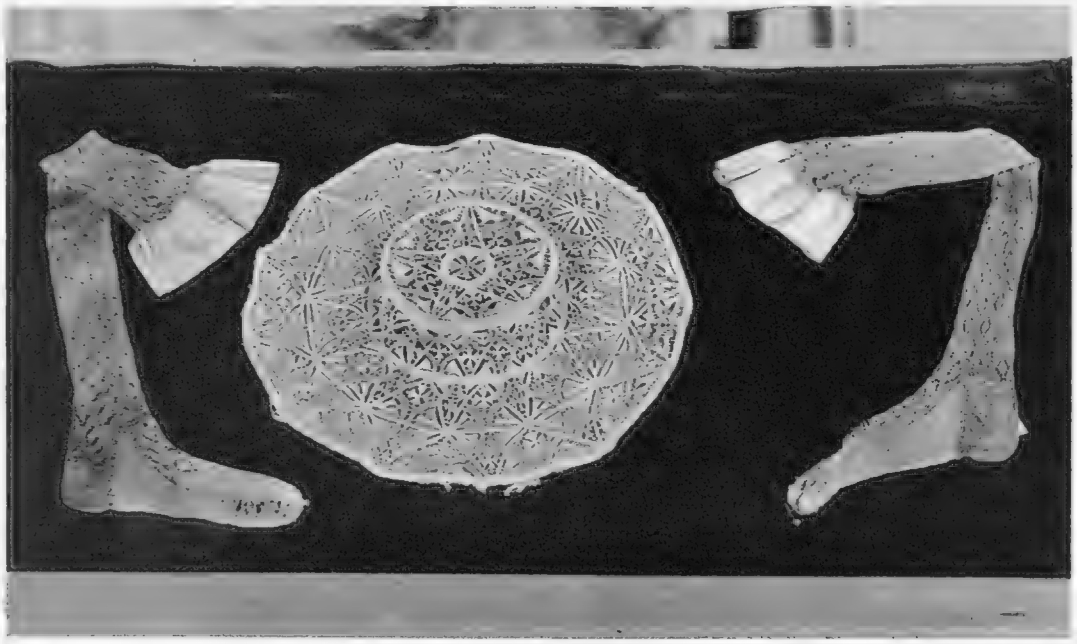
> We drank a few glasses. I only side-cars, with plenty of lemon. I did not mean to get myself in wrong again.

Still, it needs a good head to resist a series of even weak side-cars.

A Double Intoxication.

Of itself, this ready recourse to the bottle would not be enough to suggest a comparison between "The Three Comrades" and the work of Mr. Ernest Hemingway. People drink for a number of reasons, and carry out their drinking in a number of moods. Robert did not drink because he was unbearably unhappy, or even because he wanted to improve his driving—unlike the law of England, he held that alcohol was a help in this—still less did he drink in order to get drunk. He drank in order to substitute for his normal state of mind a more sanguine, rosy outlook—in order to invoke the self he felt most at home with. And, like the hero of "A Farewell to Arms," he craved the double intoxication of alcohol and love. (Wine and love would sound prettier, but it would be inaccurate: wine was too weak for Robert.) In both these novels—we have to admit it—love floats on a sea of alcohol. Both are exceptionally good love-stories; at a far remove, and with a reflected glory, they glow with something of that "happy valiancy" which Coleridge detected in "Antony and Cleopatra." That is to say, Robert and Patricia are transformed by their mutual passion; it carries them off their feet, and their feet off the ground. It is lyrical and ecstatic; it makes the passing moments seem infinitely poignant and precious. Alas, as we fear, they are numbered; the shadow of death hangs over them, and begins to darken their brightness long before Patricia is sent to her Swiss clinic. We can see what is coming, whereas in Mr. Hemingway's book we can only surmise it; but in both cases the encounter of love and death, heralded from afar, lifts the story above the plane of common experience, and invests it with romantic grandeur. Only when we remember the essential basis of alcohol does the spell begin to fail. Surely Herr Remarque would have done better either to dilute his hero's potations or to refer to them less often; they tend

[Continued overleaf.



This GARDEN HAT AND PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS *were worn by Good Queen Bess when she was Princess Elizabeth, and were on view at the exhibition of heirloom treasures at Hatfield House, many of which recall Queen Elizabeth's connection with the famous place.*

ANNE BOLEYN ROCKED HER BABY, ELIZABETH, *who became the great Queen, in this* CARVED OAK CRADLE *when Hatfield was a Royal Palace. It was on view at the special exhibition of heirlooms and treasures at Hatfield House, to raise funds for the Memorial Parish Hall in memory of Lord William Cecil, Bishop of Exter.*

remember
those agonizing
few
minutes before
your first
solo
flight ? . . .

and how
you
instinctively
lit
a
cigarette ? . . .

and how
you
blessed that cigarette
for the way
it
helped you
to
pull yourself
together ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Continued.]

to vitiate the emotional values of the story. Kisses are one thing, and the author can describe them as convincingly as any of his contemporaries; the exchange of alcoholic breath is another, and, try as we will, we cannot quite rid our minds of the reek of it.

Apart from this, "The Three Comrades" is a moving and exciting story, and beautifully translated. It is, to be sure, a little diffuse; it seems to be an improvisation, written at a hand gallop, without quite enough action (elbow-raising apart) for its length. But it is natural and tender, and told with an engaging frankness that deserves the highest praise.

"Great Laughter." "Great Laughter" is fairly frank, but not at all engaging. It is a novel about a matriarch, her two children, her ten grandchildren, and her eleven great-grandchildren. All these people owed fealty, more or less, to "Gregrannie" Neale, and an astonishingly large number of them lodged with her at her necessarily commodious brownstone house in St. Luke's Place, Chelsea, New York. Born in 1834, she had early emigrated to America, and, speculating in real estate, made herself a considerable fortune. Indeed, she was spoken of as "a small-time Hetty Green, and not so small at that." Her descendants, naturally, were full of surmises as to the extent of her fortune, and were always trying to touch her for a loan—a dangerous enterprise, often rewarded with her formidable "pish!"—an exclamation she rather overworked. Thrown upon their own resources, her grandchildren found very different fortunes. Josephine horrified her family (but not Gregrannie) by becoming a rich man's mistress; Chauncey made a name for himself in politics, though his grandmother never believed in him; John took up a career as a singer, and made a success of it; Cox, flouting his grandmother's advice, went on the land, had a large family, and came creeping back to St. Luke's Place with his tail between his legs; Harvey, a dentist by profession, was also forced to admit defeat in the slump of 1929; while the twins, Abbey and Louis, both, in their several ways, slightly abnormal, sought consolation, the one in Russia, the other in editing Gregrannie's copious diaries and volumes of self-revelation. The mother of this large brood, Mamma Linda, beautiful but inert, played a passive rôle in her children's development; it was Gregrannie, in the background, who pulled the strings—and when the story ends, with the party given for her hundredth birthday, she is still pulling them.

Managing old ladies are often attractive in life, but seldom in fiction; and the awe and adulation which Gregrannie everywhere inspired rather puts the reader against her. "'Women who cannot knit are not necessarily harlots,' was one of Gregrannie's pet aphorisms, 'but there never was a harlot who was a pretty knitter.'" This is the way she talked; with a mixture of shrewdness, acid kindliness, and a thorough knowledge of the facts of life. Indeed, these facts are matter for continual reference in "Great Laughter," and not only in Gregrannie's conversation. It is not exactly coarse, but it does not err on the side of delicacy. For instance—

MRS. ERSKINE HILL, *wife of Mr. A. G. Erskine Hill, K.C., M.P., was presented at the Holyrood Court.*

MRS. GILBERT ARCHER *was one of the Scottish ladies to be presented at the Holyrood Court.*

LADY WARK, *wife of the Hon. Lord Wark, a Scottish Lord of Session, was presented at the Holyrood Court.*

MRS. JOHN MAXWELL ERSKINE, *of Hazlieburn, Peeblesshire, was one of the young married women to be presented at their Majesties' fourth Court at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, the first evening Court to be held in Holyrood for many years.*

Her mewling, puking infant had battled his way through measles and whooping cough into a pimply period of male awareness which he did not understand. Vaguely shamed, she could do little except make a great bother over his pimples and have Heppie, the housemaid, remove the extra blanket from his overheated bed of adolescence.

The beds continue to be overheated long after adolescence is past and often make one feel, like Linda, vaguely shamed. Indeed, the scene in which Louis confesses his troubles to his octogenarian grandmother is one of the most embarrassing I ever read. But Miss Hurst has tremendous vitality, and power of a sort, and her book will live in one's memory, an uncomfortable guest, long after more palatable novels are forgotten.

"A Time to Remember."

Leane Zugsmith is another novelist who seeks to present a fairly comprehensive picture of one aspect of American life. His characters, mostly Jewish, have, indeed, a life of their own, but for the purposes of the story, this personal life is subordinated to the communal life of Diamond's Department Store; while private hopes and fears, active at first, get merged in a collective effort on the workers' part to win better terms and conditions from their employers. The Diamond family were a tough proposition, notorious for hard dealing, and they did their utmost, by every unfair device they could think of, to discourage and stamp out the struggling trades union which was trying to win recognition for itself among their workpeople. The movement makes converts, including a number of characters in the story who had hitherto stood outside it; but it was still only in a minority when, towards Christmas, it called a strike. Mr. Zugsmith gives a vivid picture of the strike, with its clashes between police and pickets, its reverberations, not always peaceful, in the families of the strikers, its bitter feelings against blacklegs and strike-breakers, its acts of heroic self-denial and (as one had foreseen) its ultimate success. "A Time to Remember" is in no sense a "problem" novel, for the author is a whole-hearted partisan and does not scruple to enlist our sympathies for his side by such simple expedients as making nearly all the strikers' party nice and their opponents nasty. As propaganda, it is not particularly successful, but it will strengthen conviction where conviction already exists, for it is written in a vigorous, hard-hitting way, its appeal to crowd feeling is simple and direct, and its account of the conditions obtaining in this admittedly unsatisfactory Store so damaging that only the most heartless of capitalists could deny the necessity for reform.

[*Continued on page* VI

A Good Lesson

Practice may make perfect, but for most of us it is a lengthy process and lessons are apt to prove exhausting. Still we can all re=cover at the 19th with a glass of Whitbread's Pale Ale—a good tip that you won't find in any of the books.

BREWED AND BOTTLED ONLY BY WHITBREAD & CO. LTD. LONDON, E.C.1

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

I AM writing this from Carnoustie, where the Open Championship is still in progress, and am heartily thankful that I am not a professional golfer. This Open Championship will be talked about for years as one of the hardest tests golfers have ever endured. Carnoustie is undoubtedly a fine course, or was, until some of its best features were destroyed by a fetish for length. With the chill wind sweeping the Angus coast, golf is always difficult here, and the ordinary golfer is quite content with a score of eighty, which really is not bad going. But professional golf has made such progress during the past few years that the authorities here decided to apply their ingenuity to destroying the professional golfers' conceit. Whether they are satisfied with their efforts or not I do not know, but I am quite sure that many of the competitors will take away memories which may even be nightmares when they contemplate either their disasters or their escapes at the last three holes of the round, probably the most difficult finish to any golf-course in the world.

MRS. H. ARMSTRONG *beat* MRS. CUMMING *(right) by 7 and 6 in the final of the Ladies' Amateur Championship Cup of India, played in June at Gulmarg, Kashmir.*

MISS K. GARNHAM *(Naze) defeated Mrs. C. D. Rhodes (Harrogate) in the thirty-six-holes all-British final of the French Women's Open Golf Championship at St. Germain by 4 and 2. This is the second time she has won the title, the first occasion being in 1933. Mrs. Rhodes, the runner-up, is the Yorkshire Champion.*

A Terrifying Water Hazard.

The sixteenth is a hole of 235 yards, with a rollinggreen guarded by three bunkers and the Barry Burn, a stream which is one of the greatest hazards of the course, near enough to trap a hooked shot. The seventeenth is a par four of only 428 yards, but one takes one's life in one's hands to accomplish this figure. The burn winds its way through the fairway in such a way that it has to be carried three times with the drive alone, and then there is only an "island" to pitch on. It needs a drive of 250 yards to reach this narrow island. Then a long second shot over the burn again to an inclined green which itself is an oasis in a sandy desert of bunkers. The last hole would shake the confidence of anyone who had a five to win. It is but 453 yards in length, and the burn is only 170 yards from the tee. That does not seem very terrifying, even though the burn and the out-of-bounds fence on the left make one look out of the corner of an eye at the menace there, and then a glance to the right, where that nightmare burn appears again. The fairway between a twist in the burn is only forty yards wide. But assuming the drive is a good one, there is still a problem—whether to go for the green or play short of the burn, which is just in front of the green. Too bold, or a slightly hooked shot, and you are out of bounds. These three holes destroyed more players' hopes than any in the world, and for that reason I have written at length about the finish, which had so much to do with the destiny of the Championship.

Elastic Ideas No Good.

There is another factor, apart from the burn, which had a lot to do with the decision of this Championship. I do not suggest that the best golfer in the field did not win, but I feel sure he will acknowledge that he was lucky. An Open Championship winner must always have some luck, of course, but I cannot help thinking that fortune entered into the Championship rather too frequently. Several new teeing grounds were constructed, and used on different days. When they were put back, as they were during the closing stages of the Championship, they made some of the carries over bunkers physically impossible. A good drive would just reach them, and a bad one finish short. A great many of the players therefore took iron clubs from the tee for safety. But it is not possible to play for safety and win championships; pluck—I almost said recklessness—is also a vital necessity. Carnoustie's experiment will therefore, it is hoped, not be repeated, because bunkers, however well they may have been placed when James Braid designed the links, did not enter into the play in their proper allocating.

Demand of Youth.

I am not surprised that many amateurs who had entered for the Championship took one glance at the course, or perhaps heard about its difficulties, and decided that their time would be better employed in enjoying themselves somewhere else, instead of playing for an elusive title. Golf, at least championship golf, is becoming an athletic pastime for young men, and even in professional golf the time is approaching when Britain, like America, will have a class of golfers who are solely tournament players. The Ryder Cup match, which is still a sore point with British golfers, proved that point most decisively. Professionals themselves have reached the conclusion that, unless they have continuous tournament experience, they cannot hope to recover the Ryder Cup from the United States for many years. They are, however, falling in with the idea that more opportunity for tournament experience should be offered to the youngest professionals.

HORTON SMITH, *the U.S.A. player, was one of the two golfers who broke the record for the Medal Course at Carnoustie when qualifying for the Open Championship, by returning the remarkable score of 69. He repeated the performance on the second day, and headed the list of qualifying scores.*

AUBREY BOOMER *(centre; St. Cloud, France) is shown being congratulated by Jean Saubaber (Bordeaux) and Pierre Hirigoyan (Chantilly), two of his compatriots, on returning the notable score of 69 for the Medal Course at Carnoustie in his qualifying rounds for the Open Championship. This beats the previous record by two strokes.*

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: *The Illustrated* **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

"I can tell

White Horse

blindfold!"

To judge a whisky by its aroma may be difficult at first, but the fragrance of White Horse is so distinctive that once you have known its delicate richness, you recognise it easily and gladly claim acquaintance.

A magnificent foundation for long, cool, summer drinks

Screw cap flasks of convenient sizes on sale everywhere

MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

GETTING utterly lost, and being unable to make oneself understood by the natives, is a not infrequent experience in the classic Monte Carlo Rally. One does not, however, expect to meet with such difficulties in the British Isles; but some of the competitors in the very successful Welsh Rally which took place the other day found that Wales was a great deal wilder than they imagined. All went well for most of the competitors as far as Llandrindod Wells, where a special form of stop-and-restart test was held on a hill. So far, it had been a main-road run from Torquay or Norwich, London or Leamington, or any of the other starting-points. To equalise the mileage covered by competitors from different places, a supplementary tour was made in the environs of Llandrindod Wells, and here many people came unstuck. We suddenly found that the maps we possessed did not mention the place at which we had to check in, and rushed wildly about the countryside asking the natives, who could not speak English, where the villages, the names of which we were unable to pronounce, were. It was all very much like a treasure-hunt and great fun for those who finally drove into the control at Llandrindod Wells, breathless but on time.

This lovely car is a BENTLEY, *with coachwork by the famous firm of* BARKER AND CO.

The second day's run took us by a roundabout and picturesque route to Cardiff, where exciting eliminating tests were held. On the way to Cardiff we had another stop-and-restart test on Caerphilly Hill, but something went wrong with the timing arrangements, racing-type cars being credited with slower climbs than the steady family saloons, so the results of this test were washed out. At Cardiff we had to start from a given line, dash round a very small roundabout, and come to a dead stop inside a dummy garage without running into posts which took the place of the walls at the end. Then we had to reverse out of the garage, motor about 100 yards at speed and dash into another, after which the performance was repeated once again. Like all these tests, it was a sort of Dunlop Benefit, for the violent braking and acceleration made the tyres positively steam, and left long strips of good rubber on the concrete road.

The most enterprising driver, a Mr. B. W. Fursdon, took the roundabout at such a speed that his inside front wheel was 8 in. off the ground and one of the back wheels was spinning just clear of the road surface! He took the shortest time in his class and was therefore entitled to go in for the Championship prize during the second lot of tests in the afternoon. On his second attempt, however, trying to get round faster than ever, he turned his Wolseley "Ten" over on its side. His father was the unlucky passenger on whom he sat so heavily. However, willing helpers popped the car back on all-fours and Mr. Fursdon roared undaunted to the finish.

The attractive 17-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY *six-window saloon appeals to the motorist who wants high performance with roomy, yet compact and stylish, coachwork.*

For sheer skill and dash, however, I award the palm to Mr. E. H. Jacob on an S.S. "100." He made the very most of the wonderful car he handled, winning the Premier Award in the whole rally, the Victoria Trophy, the Eliminating Test prize, and first place in Class V. He also was a member of the victorious S.S. team which won both the Manufacturers' Team Prize and the Club Team Prize. Mr. Jacob is a thin, sunburnt young man, with a Raleigh-like brown beard. He is tremendously enthusiastic, and waited in Cardiff only long enough to collect his prizes before dashing off, at 11 o'clock at night, all by himself, on the long journey to Folkestone, where he had promised to mark out the course for a reliability trial of the S.S. Club by 6 o'clock on Sunday morning! Another enterprising person was Viscountess Chetwynd, who put up an excellent performance on her Ford "V-8," winning the Ladies' Prize.

THE NEW TRIUMPHS.

In spite of critical comments made when the rather American front of the Triumph "Dolomites" was introduced last year, the increasing demand for Triumph cars with the new frontal appearance has encouraged the manufacturers to standardise this new radiator-cowl on all of the new "Dolomites" which have just been announced. When telling his agents of the new models, Mr. Maurice Newnham, managing director of the Triumph Company, compared the radiator with the front of the "Coronation Scot," which recently averaged 80 miles an hour from Crewe to London. There is nothing ugly about the Triumph "Dolomite" radiator-cowl; it just takes a bit of getting used to.

One of the high spots of the Triumph programme is that a reduction of price has been effected at a time when so many manufacturers are talking about putting up their prices. The eighty-mile-an-hour 14-60 h.p. Triumph "Vitesse" saloon, which cost £318 last year, is now being listed at only £298. It is, therefore, one of the lowest-priced, really fast medium-priced cars on the market. The Triumph people make the whole of their cars themselves, and manufacturing economies and better equipment have made the price reductions possible. There is a completely new "Dolomite" model this year, the 1½-litre saloon with an overhead-valve, four-cylinder engine, which is rated at 11·8 h.p., taxed at £9, and costs £328. Next comes the 14-60 h.p. saloon at £348, while the largest "Dolomite" is the 2-litre six-cylinder at £388. In addition to the rounded radiator-cowl, the "Dolomites" have a modern design of chromium-plated bonnet louvres. Features include improved carburation, more powerful brakes, and automatic chassis lubrication, while the electrical equipment is of the special Lucas type which carries with it a twelve months' free maintenance.

The "Vitesse" models have a more conventional type of radiator, both the 14-60 h.p. and 2-litre models being designed for a high and sustained performance. I personally rather like the 2-litre Foursome Coupé with the large trunk on the back, a type of body that is nowadays rather rare. This drophead coupé, with coachwork by Avon, can be obtained on any of the "Vitesse" or "Dolomite" chassis at a cost of £40 more than the saloon.

The new HILLMAN MINX *just announced for 1938 is in full production and is an extremely handsome car, with many new features to enhance comfort, performance, and reliability. The de Luxe Saloon illustrated is priced at £184, while the Safety Saloon is £169. There is also a four-seater Drophead Coupé at £215.*

This England . . .

Clovelly, N. Devon

HERE is a place, you would say, that cannot change—a museum-piece with its winter flowers and staircase street that knows no petrol fume. And its little Norman church declares that even the lords of the manor have borne one name a good six hundred years—here surely was opportunity for change. Though no older than elsewhere, it is as if a root of that great tree that is England shewed above ground in these parts. Many such roots has England for her strength—in places, in men, and in the habits they have learned. The beer called Worthington, which has not changed these centuries past, is one that in its humble way has added not a little to the grand timber of the English frame.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"BUT the silly part of the business is that everyone's afraid to back their convictions with their money. That's what annoys me," exclaimed the partner. "You simply can't get people to buy gold shares; and that's the truth."

"Why they won't, we can't imagine," said the broker.

"Perhaps they haven't got any money," suggested Our Stroller. "Don't you think that's the chief reason, although to you I suppose it sounds a very humdrum one."

"What makes you think they haven't any money? Are you speaking merely from personal experience?"

"Partly. But I know it is also the experience of my friends—at home," he added, in order to avoid the risk of misconception.

"You are not an Income-Tax commissioner, are you?" the partner enquired.

"No such luck! But even in my own small circle at the Club, I know one man who has lost a lot of money in Yankees. Another got stuck with shares he underwrote. A third chap—our best bridge-player—has a plateful of West Africans that he bought much higher up. I myself have not a great deal that I can sell at a profit."

"Fairly representative of what is going on all round, you think?"

"I suppose that explains it up to a point," the broker rather grudgingly admitted. "But want of confidence is a greater impediment to business than want of capital is."

"At present, we are not making our lunch-money," said his partner. "There are plenty of others like us: that's one negative consolation. Give us international peace——"

"You're crying for the moon."

"How about the League of Nations?"

"An admirable vehicle for distributing hints on health, and how to teach children the alphabet. As an international buffer against war, about as much use as a spider's web."

"France killed the League at the time of the Abyssinian War. And now France is paying for her error."

"She had to leave the gold standard in any case," the broker considered. "It was only a matter of time how soon she devalued the franc still further."

"I wish," said Our Stroller, "that I were able to find as easy a way for paying my debts. So simple, isn't it?"

The trio of men had sauntered into the Stock Exchange and were studying a board of prices in the Foreign Market. The list was prettily tricked-out in red and blue pencil alterations.

"The firmest spot in the collection," said a jobber ironically, "is the Russian group. You can back your fancy at anything from five to ten bob per hundred pounds of stock, and I'll guarantee it will be years before ever you pay income-tax on the dividends."

"Have Russian bonds any real value?" asked Our Stroller.

"Only as being a nuisance. Rather decorative for a futuristic bathroom. Some people cut off the coupons and serve them with caviare. Ostentatious, to my mind; not to say indigestible."

"Caviare-cum-coupon, eh? What some of our things want in here is a pinch of ginger."

"Sometimes I am inclined to think," remarked a member, "that we are over-pessimistic just now. If we had refused to be depressed by general conditions, I doubt whether the falls would have been so severe."

They laughed at him. "What nonsense!" said a jobber. "Do you mean to say that if we had stood up to the selling from Johannesburg, Paris, and New York, we should have stopped the fall?"

"It might have been checked if brokers had put their clients into the shares that were being pressed for sale. As a matter of fact, I know that people outside the House are talking like this."

"Then they can't understand the position. Now would you, as a broker, recommend your clients to buy shares simply in order to support a market? Would you?"

"Well——"

"Be honest, and say of course you wouldn't. You are not going to chance losing money for your clients for the sake of letting other people sell their shares at decent prices."

"It might have the effect of saving a fall. Checking it, anyway. I hear the Stock Exchange criticised for carrying caution to the point of pessimism and making markets worse for everybody."

"Don't listen to him," said the broker to Our Stroller. "If that's the sort of thing he hears outside the House, all I can say is that he must mix with a funny lot of people."

Our Stroller assented. "I like to hear different opinions, all the same," said he. "At the moment, we happen to have rather a Socialistic lot in my village and, upon my soul, some of their views are—what shall I say?—unorthodox."

"They say in here"—and the broker described with his arm a vague arc that included the House from one end to the other—"that the Government offices are hotbeds of Socialism."

"I wouldn't mind being a Socialist myself if I had a fixed salary, a regular rise every year, and a pension at the end. But as a member of the London Stock Exchange, I can't afford many luxuries. Even a modest car now seems an extravagance, in times like these."

"If the Austin Motor figures are anywhere near as good as rumour says they will be, Austin 'A' shares ought to be cheap at the present price."

"They're due fairly soon, aren't they?" said the broker.

"The Company's year ends with July, and the accounts come out in October. I'm told the profits are going to be very substantially up."

"You can't tell how the Company will be affected by the new N.D.C. tax."

"That's a bit of a snag in lots of things. It may almost be better to buy shares for the long-shot, and to disregard present income."

He removed from the collar of his jacket a paper-spill on which there hung a neatly rolled paper-ring.

"I thought I felt somebody do that," said he. "Misapplied ingenuity, isn't it? That contraption must have taken quite a time to manufacture."

"It's all very well for you to talk of disregarding present income," protested a man with dirty-white hair. "When you are getting on towards the sere and yellow, you have to think of income, my boy. What had you in your mind—if any?"

"My idea was shares like Imperial Airways. They don't pay you anything very handsome now, but the time will come for them to double in value."

"I agree that we must take a long view. And it's only because of the way Imperial Airways launched the new issue of Ordinary shares that the price has come down. What is it, by the way?"

He craned his neck to look at a board on which the price was quoted. "A shade easier, you see."

"We've had a few shares come in to-day," observed one of the owners of the list. "I suppose there are still some of the stale stags left. But as a lock-up, they're bound to come home one day. At least, that's my view."

"If the Company hadn't made a hash of the new issue, we should have seen the price better than this," declared one of the other partners. "Now it's a matter of wait-and-see."

"Like it is with gold shares," said a broker. "Funny, isn't it, how the public have lost their faith in the price of gold being maintained? A year ago, gold was going, everybody said, to £10 an ounce. To-day, you might think it was going to £5, judged by the market prices of gold shares."

"Gold isn't likely to move far away from £7, is it? Pretty nearly all the experts and the gold authorities say there's no reason to suppose that it will fall."

"Clients won't look at gold shares——"

"That's what we all say. But some of the big firms of jobbers in the Kaffir market tell me they sold any number of smallish lots of the good South Africans last account; and that means the buying comes from the public, you know."

"Then we can only suppose that the selling is better than the buying."

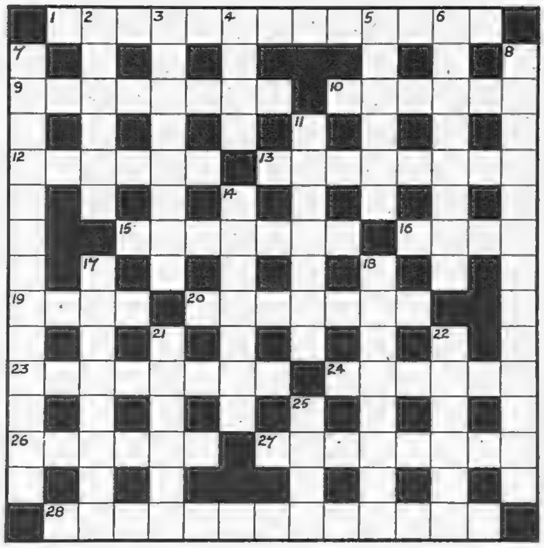
"'Bigger,' if you like. I wouldn't say 'better.' Time will show."

"That reminds me," said Our Stroller. "Can you lend me a Continental time-table?"

They walked upstairs to the Reading Room. The seats have been worn hard and uncomfortable by years of usage. The copper bust of Nelson looked thoughtfully down upon the men who reclined upon the faded Chesterfields. Into that drowsy atmosphere, the faint hum of languid business rose from the markets. The broker crossed the room on tiptoe, found the time-table, and handed it to Our Stroller, who—dropped it!

Friday, July 9, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



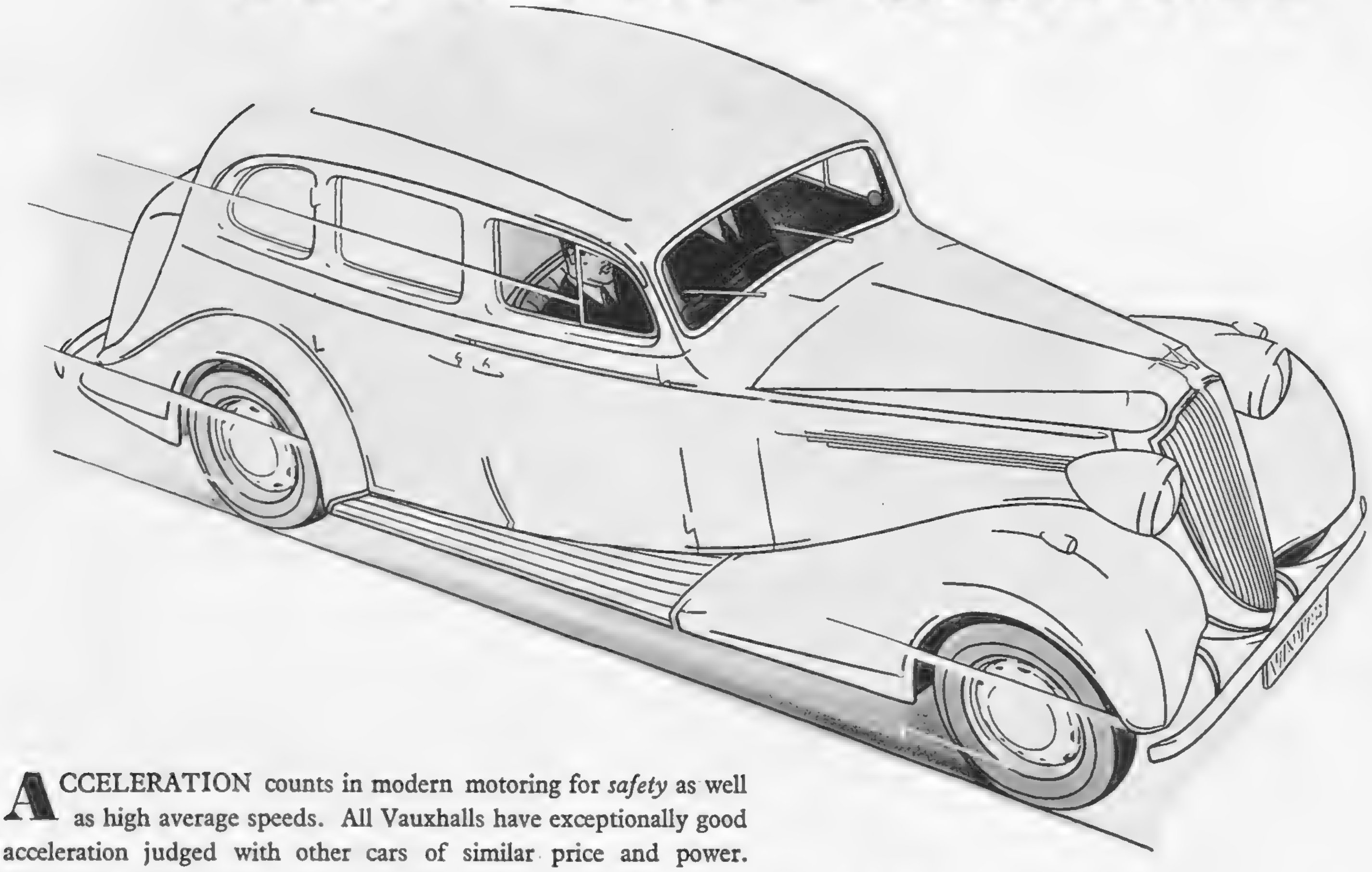
ACROSS.

1. Could one say that they occupy the premier positions among woodworkers? (two words) (7, 6).
9. A sheep's weapon or its bare description (8).
10. Perhaps he judged Sheridan's play (6).
12. Divers indications that King Sol is not wet (6).
13. He makes defamatory statements (8).
15. The writer has a catalogue of pigs' homes (7).
16. Lies apart from the mainland (4).
19. Obviously no counterfeit coin (4).
20. Well exemplified by m-master! (7).
23. An item of late news, might one say? (8).
24. Family injured by excessive exertion (6).
26. Not "secant," "ascent," or "stance," but another anagram (6).
27. She should make an excellent grain-thresher (8).
28. Are they contradicted by every true Nazi child? (two words) (6, 7).

DOWN.

2. A tree for an old man (6).
3. Receives by legal succession (8).
4. Corn heads on human heads (4).
5. Here you should find the answer in a nutshell (6).
6. Was Boaz so cruel before he got married? (8).
7. The inconsistencies of Belisha beacons (hyphen) (13).
8. Athletic old bean? (two words 7, 6).
11. Attractive advice for the gambler in money (7).
14. Hardly depressing insects (7).
17. Such chaff seems very out of place in old people (8).
18. Those who die with a will (8).
21. Just a habit for increasing revenue (6).
22. "That practis'd falsehood under saintly shew, Deep —— to conceal" ("Paradise Lost") (6).
25. Only a pool (4).

"Safety-first acceleration"



ACCELERATION counts in modern motoring for *safety* as well as high average speeds. All Vauxhalls have exceptionally good acceleration judged with other cars of similar price and power. There's an instantaneous response to the throttle that enables you to pass sluggish traffic with a *safe* margin to spare.

But try a Vauxhall for yourself. Mark the silence of its lively six-cylinder engine .... the smooth, gliding ride of Vauxhall Independent Springing .... the ease and certainty of Vauxhall Synchro-Mesh ... the distinctive appearance and many other features that make Vauxhall motoring so enjoyable.

Compare Vauxhall with *all* other cars of similar price and power. Any Vauxhall dealer will welcome your comparison and gladly place a car at your disposal. Catalogues post free on request from Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton, Beds.

12 H.P.	*True Vauxhall performance and 6-cylinder smoothness in this economical Twelve. Standard Saloon £195. De Luxe Saloon with sliding roof and No-Draught Ventilation £215.*	SALOONS from **£195**
14 H.P.	*Lively performance and extra acceleration in this, the most popular of all Fourteens. De Luxe Saloon £215. Touring Saloon, with built-in luggage accommodation, £220.*	SALOONS from **£215**
25 H.P.	*A big, roomy five seater saloon designed to meet world competition. 80 miles an hour. 20 miles per gallon. Saloon £298. Grosvenor 7-str. Limousine on long chassis, £575.*	SALOONS from **£298**

TRY OTHERS—LET A RIDE DECIDE

VAUXHALL

12 *h.p.* **14** *h.p.* **25** *h.p.*

A
TRADITION
that lingers

"Bowling along" it used to be called . . . a "smart turnout" . . . phrases that were laid away in lavender when the motor-car took the centre of the stage. Perhaps, though, one car has deserved to carry these expressive words into modern times. A car with the same calm acceptance of the headway it's given. A car that hides a lion's heart beneath an exterior which may seem a little too well-bred for exertion. A gracious car that is constitutionally unable to make itself heard yet always "speaks up" when traffic calls. Definitely a car to put you at ease on the road . . . and pleasantly right with the world.

Dodge Brothers Motor Cars • Kew
« HAVE YOU EVER DRIVEN ONE ? »

TRAVELLER'S JOY.

(*Continued from Page 68.*)

tossed off the sour red wine and, stretching his long legs, feigned a yawn. Then he apologised, laughing, and rose from his seat to bid his kindly host good-night.

As he walked to the barn he hardly paused to admire the moon which hung, cool as a peeled lemon, in the black sky. The barn and the house and the ghostly eucalyptus trees stood out in theatrical relief. Shadows lurked among the tumbled rocks and stunted bushes, and he was startled by the human look of a giant cactus which grew a few yards away.

But that night he waited in vain. Outside, the countryside lay steeped in the moonlight, but no one softly opened the door of the barn and no slim hand was put into his.

The next day he resisted the farmer's pressing invitation to stay, and rode on. The Señora, however, made no effort to join in her husband's entreaties and seemed busy with her plants; he went to her to bid her farewell and smiled as he saw her flush when she put her hand into his. He was surprised to feel that it was warm and rough. But he raised it to his lips and whispered, so that her husband would not hear:

"Farewell, *cara mia.*"

And then he mounted his horse so quickly that he did not see

The 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS *achieved a remarkable feat when they beat the 15/19th King's Royal Hussars in the final of the Inter-Regimental Polo Cup at Hurlingham by 8 goals to 3, for by doing so they have won in successive years both the Indian and English Inter-Regimental. Also after Major Gairdner had been rendered hors de combat by a broken collar-bone, and in the fourth chukka on the Saturday Captain Archer-Shee had been laid out with slight concussion, they still found a substitute, Mr. Malet, who was worth three goals and fitted in well. Our group shows (l. to r.)* CAPTAIN M. N. E. MACMULLEN, CAPTAIN C. B. C. HARVEY, CAPTAIN D. DAWNAY, *and* MR. J. W. MALET *with their trophies. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester watched the game and the Duchess presented the cup.*

the look of astonished anger which flashed into the woman's black eyes.

The farmer declared that he would ride as far as the trail with his guest, with whom he seemed loth to part. As he did so he talked of this and that. Life was hard, he said—but he was a philosopher. And then he sighed and said that he of all men had need of philosophy. The traveller, his interest aroused, asked whether it would be presuming to ask him why.

The farmer paused for a moment as if considering; then, shrugging his shoulders, started to speak. Perhaps the Señor had remarked on his wife's sadness. The Señor replied that he had noticed and that he had been at a loss to explain it.

"My wife, poor thing," went on the farmer, "has an overwhelming sorrow. Her sister, who, of course, you did not see, lives with us. She is incurably sick and can only wait for death. We have a special permit from the Government to keep her at home—no doubt you wondered why we never let you enter the house?—but when there are strangers she must keep to her room. There is great danger of infection—though it cannot be carried by a third person. "Yes," he sighed, "we have to shut her up—it is the law."

"The law?" echoed the traveller in amazement.

"Yes," concluded the farmer sadly. "You see, she is a leper."

They had reached the trail and he wheeled his horse. With apologies for speeding his guest with such a sad tale, he bade him farewell and rode back towards his farm.

Ahead, the trail stretched in the glittering morning sun. There was scarcely a tree to be seen, only here and there a cactus raised twisted arms towards the cold, pitiless blue of the sky.

THE END.

Two models for Autumn from the Inexpensive Gown Salon First Floor.

"TANIA." Smart new dinner gown made of beautiful metal cloqué brocade. The back is finished with tiny buttons and the loose cape-like arm hole gives a very graceful effect. Colours: Midnight, White, Lilac, Lacquer, and Black. Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 43 hips. **6½ Gns.**

"SHEILA." Becoming crease-resisting velvet dinner gown with full picture skirt and heart shaped neckline. Colours: Black, Blue, Wine, and Green. Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 43 hips. **6 Gns.**

Invitation to Autumn

As a House of Fashion we are always a little ahead of the mode — leading style rather than following it.

And although our July Sale is now in progress, we have arranged for a special Section in each of our fashion Salons to be devoted to a display of Advance Autumn Fashions.

We are showing the new Models in Suits, Ensembles, Coats, and Day and Evening Gowns, as well as a fine collection of clothes for the North.

Marshall & Snelgrove

VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

A

P. Steinmann & Co.
(M L. EAST)

SALE

Everything for making and trimming Baby Clothes and Lingerie.

Silks.

Hundreds of Remnants finest quality Lingerie Satins, Chiffons, Ninons, &c.

Real Lace Nightgown top in Milan Lacet - - **28/6**
Others from - - - **12/11**
Great variety finest Needlerun Tops, Sprays, Laces, etc., all at sale prices.

Blouses

Blouses in Sheer Linon, &c., reduced to - - **59/6**
Many with fine hand tucking.

Neckwear.

Hand Embroidered Organdi trimmed real Lace, all newest styles.

For Baby.

Lovely Cotton Materials, Embroidered Flouncings, Laces, etc. Our choice is, without any doubt, the finest in London.

If you wish for ready-made garments for Baby or Lingerie for yourself our first floor showrooms are full of Lovelies.

Catalogue.

185-6 Piccadilly W.1.
London, England

"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

British Hotels used to be the Aunt Sally of any chance journalist in search of "copy" and sundry other dyspeptic persons. That is no longer the case. And, although the Englishman is primarily a home-lover, hotels have adapted themselves to his increasing wayfaring proclivities. But hotels are as different and individual as their visitors. Mr. Courtenay, with a rare combination of "flair" and experience, is becoming the recognized connecting link.

Hotels are his hobby and his profession. More and more people are enjoying his weekly articles on the subject in "THE SPHERE" and every morning he receives enquiries for detailed information. Unlike explorers whose activities devolve some 1000 miles up the Amazon, Mr. Courtenay's "discoveries" make excellent objectives for all who like a week-end in the country . . . or just somewhere to stay for a social event in town or country.

A weekly feature in
The SPHERE

Every Friday—Price One Shilling

"Let's Halt Awhile"

Since 1934, 16,000 *copies have been sold of "Let's Halt Awhile"—a description of hotels, inns and guest-houses personally "discovered" by Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Vol. I.—Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Vol. II.—Devon and Cornwall.*

Obtainable through your usual book-seller, or 1*s.* 3*d. each post free, from Ashley Courtenay Ltd.,* 68, *St. James's Street, London, S.W.*1.

"No cold for 4 years"

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."
B.S., Burnham-on-Sea.

Follow this good example and keep free from colds summer and winter. Keep Vapex handy—ready for use immediately you feel a cold developing. Breathe the vapour. Vapex destroys the germs in nose and throat, and soon the incipient cold is gone.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT
Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-
V.147 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR RUINS BEAUTY!
Destroy unwanted hair by my simple, effective Home Treatment. Permanent, Painless and Perfectly Safe. 13/- post free. Not a depilatory. Call for personal treatment if preferred. 'Phone: Western 4518.
HELEN LAWRENCE, 81 Earl's Court Rd., London, W.8

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY IS NO LONGER MATTER OF AGE....

REJUVENATES THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

● Write at once for free wonderfully illustrated W-5 book if you have not seen it yet.
Gelty Distributing Co.
158, Oxford Street, London, W.1
W-5 obtainable from all high-class Chemists and Stores or direct from distributors

BEAUTIFUL Ringlet Curls QUICKLY MADE AT HOME

Roll a damp lock of hair around finger and fix clip until dry. From HAIRDRESSERS' STORES & BOOTS. 6d. per card of 2 large clips or 3 small. Jarrett, Rainsford & Laughton Ltd. Birmingham

6d. Per Card

Ladye Jayne CURL CLIP

Summer SALE of Furs

Come to the City and compare our Wholesale Value before purchasing elsewhere.

THE glorious New Models now being offered represent the finest possible value, because we actually make them in our own workrooms — all intermediate profits are entirely eliminated. Every garment is fully guaranteed and marked at reduced Summer Price.

An Attractive New Sports Coat in fine **Natural Ocelot** from selected skins Finest possible value!

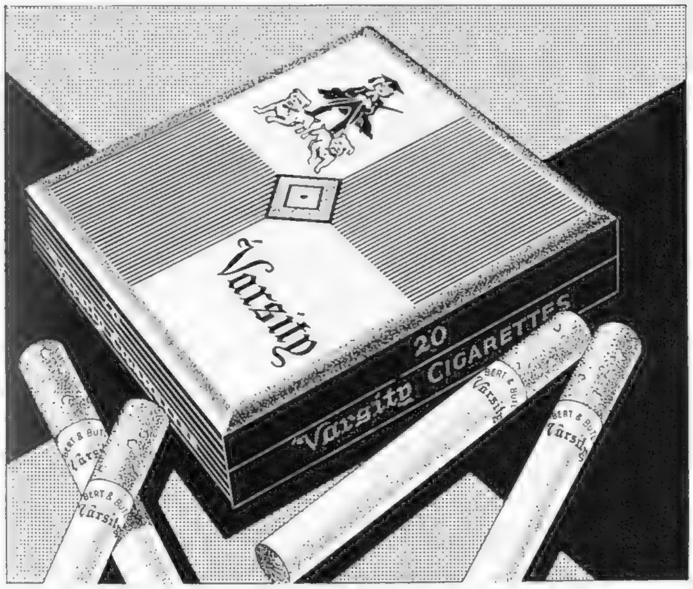
Reduced Sale Price 32 gns

Sent on approval.

● SPECIAL SUMMER CATALOGUE gladly sent free on request.

City Fur Store 64, St PAUL'S CHURCHYARD LONDON, E.C.4. MAKERS OF FINE FURS

Half minute from St. Paul's Station (Underground).



Varsity

There is no better filter-tipped cigarette obtainable. The quality of the tobacco is beyond dispute— Varsity are made by LAMBERT & BUTLER

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. V.9a

TEN FOR SIXPENCE TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

However ephemeral exquisite pleasure is, it can be recorded by the Leica to become a perpetual joy. The Leica is, of course, the finest miniature camera. It embodies features that cope brilliantly with the difficulties of fast motion, poor light, and those "candid camera" shots that record your friends in the amusing quaintness of their every mood. This is only possible with the unobtrusiveness and quiet precision of the Leica.
We cannot do justice to its technical features here—but drop in at Bond Street or one of our other shops, and let us show you what a joy the Leica is—or write for detailed literature.

Leica

Prices are from £18 . 5 . 0
Up to 2 years to pay if desired.
Generous exchange allowances.

BY APPOINTMENT

WALLACE HEATON Ltd., 127 NEW BOND ST., W.1.

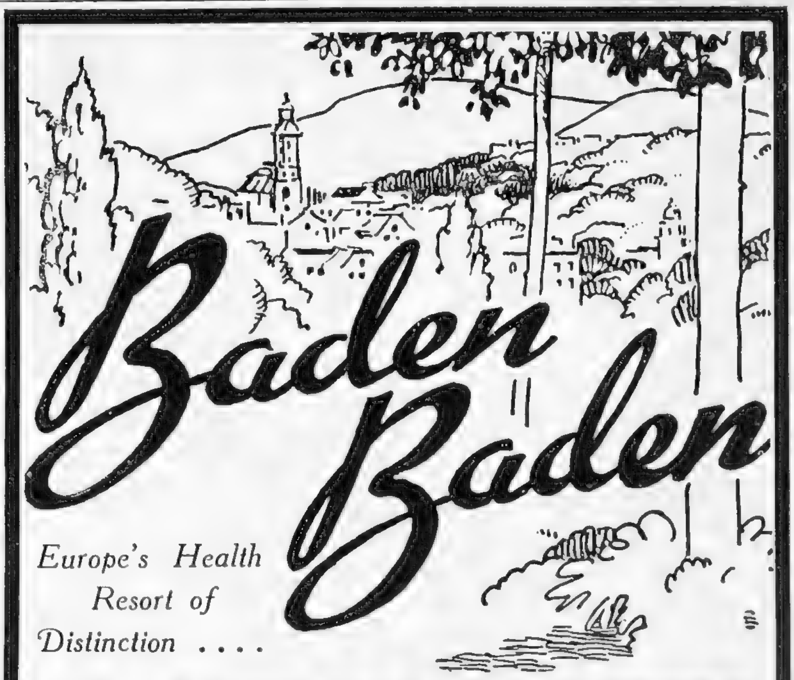
47, Berkeley St., W.1.; 43, Kensington High St., W.8.; also City Sale & Exchange (1929), Ltd., at 59/60, Cheapside; 90/94, Fleet St.; 54, Lime St.; 84, Aldersgate St.; 13, The Arcade, Liverpool St., London, E.C.

A VISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth-while when one is in Germany. This year, however, in view of the Coronation, Hanover is of particular interest to English people.

It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

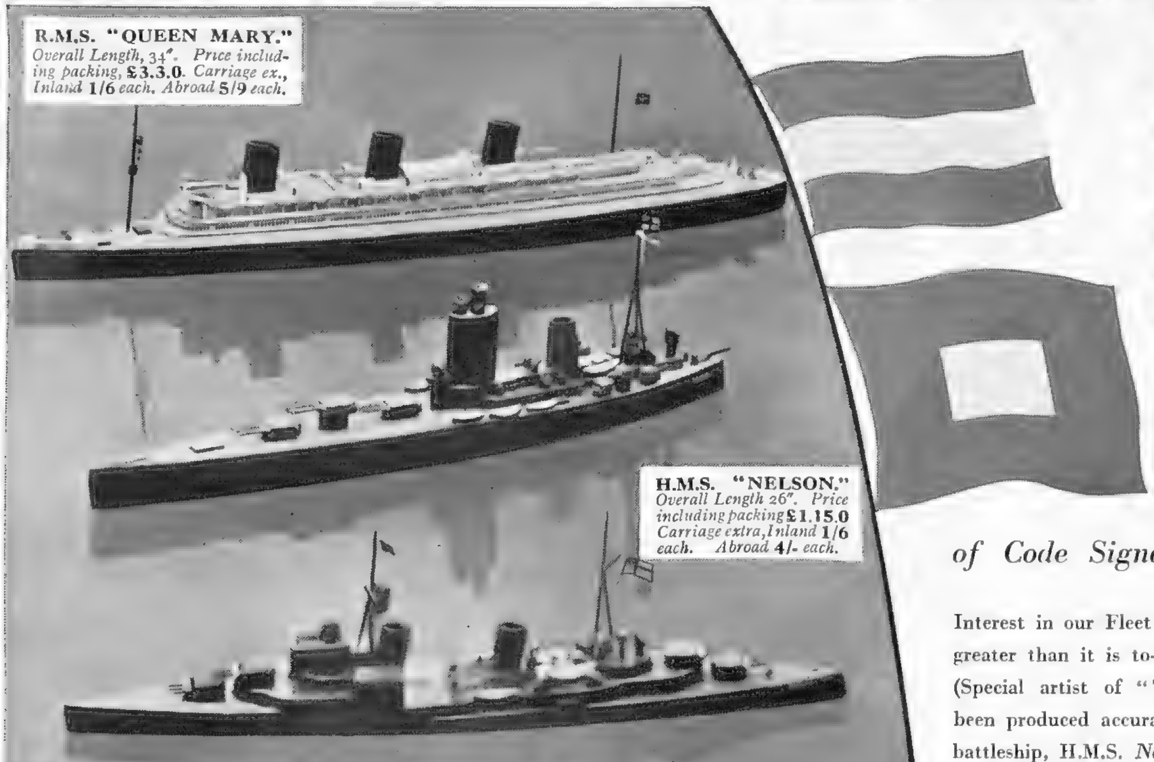


Europe's Health Resort of Distinction ....

Hot Springs 154° for treatment of RHEUMATISM, GOUT and CATARRHS.

SOCIAL & ARTISTIC ATTRACTIONS
18 h. GOLF COURSE FULL of HAZARDS
EN TOUT CAS TENNIS COURTS
Roulette - **GAMING CASINO** - Baccara

For information apply to —
GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION OFFICE, 19, REGENT ST., LONDON, or BADER-u. KURVERWALTUNG, BADEN-BADEN (South Germany)



COMMUNICATION BY FLAG SIGNALS. Included with each ship is a set of International Code Signal Flags by which you can communicate with other models. Perhaps you can form a ship club with the assistance of friends possessing these marine models, when inter-communication by flag signals (exactly as it is done at sea) will be of the utmost value. When circumstances prevent you using your fleet on the water under their own power, you can manœuvre them by hand on the floor of your room or in the garden, using neat, mobile trolleys, the extra cost of which is 2/.

THE FLEET IN MINIATURE

● *Electrically propelled Models with complete set of Code Signal Flags in full Colours.*

Interest in our Fleet and our mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the design of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale working models of our mightiest battleship, H.M.S. *Nelson*, the latest type of cruiser, H.M.S. *Southampton*, and our greatest liner, R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. Each floats perfectly and is electrically propelled; they are offered at exceptionally low prices, considering the accuracy of the design and wealth of detail. Orders with remittance should be sent to

The LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY Ltd.
(Dept. K.7), 23-24, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.
where the models can be seen.

THE PETROL WHICH IS FOLLOWED!

Fastest on the Road!

A Revelation on Hills!

Liveliest in Acceleration!

THE WORLD'S FINEST UNSUPERCHARGED PETROL IS ESSO HIGH TEST

★ For better lubrication use Essolube ★

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 96.*)

"Out of Order." Asey Mayo's latest problem is a particularly confusing and troublesome one. Some of the characters are hard to "place," even after their names have become household words in the story. Simplicity is nearly always a virtue. Detective-story writers, thanks to the conventions of their art, are generally obliged to fight shy of it; but Miss Taylor has positively given it the cold shoulder. However, there are many good things in "Out of Order": the method of the murder, the red finger-nail round the door, and the characters of the Professor, the egregious and irrepressible stripling Leon Sparks, and, lastly, Asey himself, one of the politest and most sympathetic of American detectives.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Three Comrades. By Erich Maria Remarque. (*Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.*)
Great Laughter. By Fannie Hurst. (*Cape; 8s. 6d.*)
A Time to Remember. By Leane Zugsmith. (*Constable; 7s. 6d.*)
Out of Order. By Phœbe Attwood Taylor. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JULY 7.

Across.—1. Jersey. 4. Cross-bun. 9. Waiter. 10. Importer. 12. Heirs. 13. Reappoint. 15. Ohm. 16. Regan. 17. Alaric. 22. Assail. 24. Flush. 27. Awl. 28. Laterally. 31. Ambit. 32. Goldfish. 33. Misere. 34. Nostrils. 35. Anises. Down.—1. Jew's harp. 2. Railings. 3. Evensongs. 5. Rumba. 6. Scoop. 7. Bothie. 8. Nerite. 11. Armada. 14. Par. 18. Allays. 19. Inflation. 20. Tumblers. 21. Shutters. 23. Spa. 25. Flagon. 26. Stalls. 29. Refer. 30. Losel.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"JUDGMENT DAY" (Strand). 8.30.—Trial and counter-revolution in totalitarian State. Tense action; brilliant acting and production. Catherine Lacey, Ronald Adam, Freda Jackson, Glynis Johns.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"THEY CAME BY NIGHT" (Globe). 8.30.—Another thriller by Barré Lyndon; with Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans.

"WONDERFUL WORLD" (Palace). 6.20 and 9.—Second edition of this pleasant revue, with Florence Desmond and Steve Geray.

"FLOODLIGHT" (Saville). 8.30.—Good after-dinner entertainment by Beverley Nichols. Frances Day, Hermione Baddeley, John Mills.

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Good dialogue and first-rate cast. Marie Ney, Keneth Kent, Dorothy Hyson.

"PAGANINI" (Lyceum). 8.30.—Operette with music by Franz Lehar. Richard Tauber in full song, and Evelyn Laye.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of Yorks'). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

A FILM YOU MUST SEE.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli). Ronald Colman finds Utopia!

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"CALL IT A DAY" (New Gallery).—A good adaptation of Dodie Smith's well-known play.

"THE COURT WALTZES" (Curzon).—A French musical fantasy of the Victorian era.

"TOP OF THE TOWN" (Leicester Square Theatre).—A "musical" with a spectacular climax.

"WE FROM KRONSTADT" (Academy).—A Russian drama of the defeat of the White forces at Petrograd.

"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—Entertaining German comedy adapted from Max Dreyer's banned play.

"I MET HIM IN PARIS" (Carlton).—Claudette Colbert takes a holiday and chooses a husband.

"BEHIND YOUR BACK" (Carlton).—An amusing conversation-piece.

"KID GALAHAD" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Edward G. Robinson in a vigorous boxing drama.

"GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN" (Plaza).—George Brent in a lively tale of the lumber-camps. Technicolor.

"MICHAEL STROGOFF" (Regal).—Jules Verne's famous story of a Tsar's courier.

"DER HERRSCHER" (Berkeley Cinema).—A fine performance by Emil Jannings in a German domestic drama.

Slightly dearer
but infinitely
more Satisfying

STATE EXPRESS
555
CIGARETTES
10 for 8d 20 for 1/4 25 for 1/8

ACE
TRADE MARK

SUPER DISCS
& METAL SPARE WHEEL & TYRE COVERS

Decide now to fit these handsome accessories. They will impart an ultra-smart appearance and *eliminate tedious spoke cleaning*, giving you trouble-free service, throughout the life of your car. Easily fitted, superbly finished and reasonable in cost; Ace Equipment possesses many patented features unobtainable elsewhere, and has always been acknowledged the best.

The Ace-Schrader Patented Valve Extension is an exclusive feature . . . it is a neat, efficient device which enables the tyre valve to be operated from the outside of the disc by merely removing a small sealing cap.

Let us know the make and year of your car, and and we will send you post free, fully illustrated particulars and prices.

CORNERCROFT Ltd., Ace Works, Coventry.
LONDON: 36, GEORGE ST., CONDUIT ST., W.1.

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

PHANTOM III

"I cannot conceive a more perfect car; I do not expect ever to ride in or drive one more supremely satisfying."—*Daily Telegraph*

"A car which is a joy to handle, and which, in its perfection of workmanship and finish, is also an example of engineering at its finest level."—*Motor*

"This is the car of the decade." — *Tatler*

"Even in these days of flexibility on top gear the Rolls-Royce stands in a class by itself."—*Yorkshire Observer*

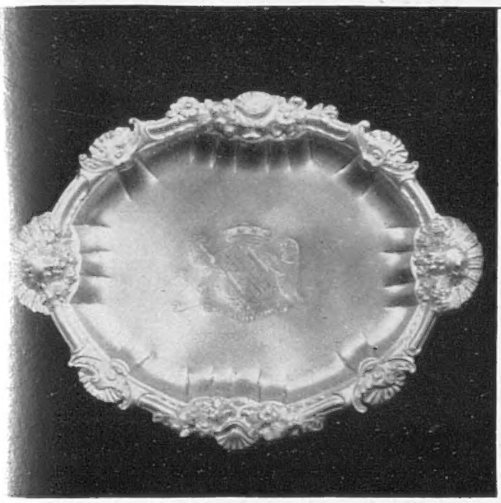
"No mere accident has placed the Rolls-Royce car in the forefront of the world's engineering achievements." — *Financial Times*

"There is no finer car on the roads of the world."—*Times of India*

Rolls-Royce Ltd have some excellent reconditioned and guaranteed Rolls-Royce cars for disposal at moderate prices

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD 14-15 CONDUIT ST LONDON W1 MAYFAIR 6201

Buy a Car Made in the United Kingdom



George II. Oval Silver Waiter. Made by Paul de Lamerie, London, 1739-40. Weight 67.50 oz. Dimensions 10¾" × 8" (Messrs. Spink & Son, Ltd.)

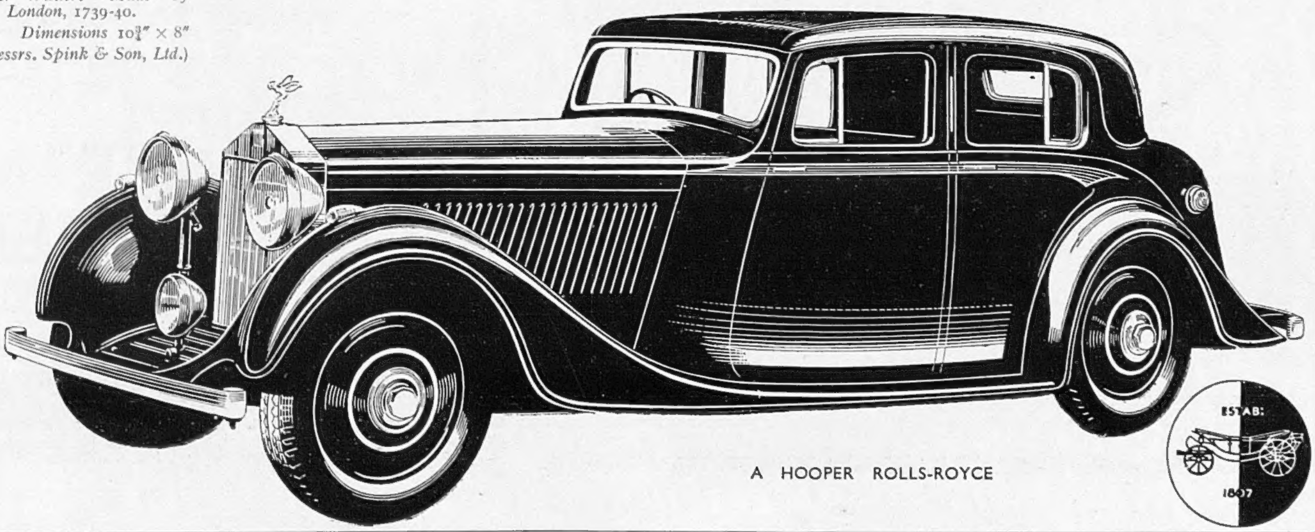
By Appointment.

Masterpieces of Craftsmanship through Eight Reigns

Hooper & Co. have had the honour to supply carriages and motor cars to the Royal Family continuously for more than a century.

HOOPER & CO (COACHBUILDERS) LTD.

54, ST. JAMES'S ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1



A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Kennington Service

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCVII.

THE PLAYING OF BIG HANDS.

I HAVE received a copy of "Vital Tricks at Contract Bridge," by Frank K. Perkins. This is an American publication, but it is carried in this country by Joiner and Steele, London, at 3s. 6d. I always welcome any book on the play of the cards, and found "Vital Tricks" interesting and instructive so far as it goes; I would like it better if it went further and dealt more with the fundamentals of the play of the cards, more especially with the fundamentals of defensive play and of weaker hands.

You see, the book only handles big combinations of cards between declarer and his dummy; there are fifty-two hands given, and of these no fewer than fourteen are slam affairs, thirty-seven big game hands, and but one, a small lot, played in three clubs. In no case does declarer miss his contract; this is not to say the play is easy—there is something to learn from each hand, and I take it even seeing such big hands in print tickles the fancy of the student—he hopes to hold similar cards himself, and to make the most of them.

May his hopes come true, and without any doubt a study of the play given in "Vital Tricks" will go a long way towards turning out satisfactory results for the player. The student, however, in my opinion, would become more proficient by seeing examples of the play of poor cards with unlucky distribution and of saving games when on the defensive. Perhaps the author will oblige some other time. I hope so, for he has the happy knack of making the solutions very clear, simple, and easy to follow.

The second hand given in "Vital Tricks" hit me and one of my pet principles hard, and made me glad. Here it is—

	Spades—Q, 3. Hearts—A, 7, 4. Clubs—10, 6, 2. Diamonds—A, K, Kn, 9, 4. *North.*	
West. Spades—A, Kn, 9, 4, 2. Hearts—10, 6, 5. Clubs—K, 9, 5. Diamonds—6, 2.		*East.* Spades—10, 8, 6. Hearts—Kn, 9, 8, 3. Clubs—8, 7, 3. Diamonds—Q, 8, 5.
	South. Spades—K, 7, 5. Hearts—K, Q, 2. Clubs—A, Q, Kn, 4. Diamonds—10, 7, 3.	

The contract is three no-trumps by South. West led the four of spades. Now listen: "*West's opening lead is almost certainly fourth best from a long suit, and if that is so the game is a certainty*"! The italics are mine, and I am left wondering whether the author still is (or ever was) an advocate of the lead of fourth best from a long suit. I fear he is, for I notice that in every hand given the lead made *is* fourth best, and yet we are told that lead *makes game a certainty!*

An amusing and unusual feature of this book is a skeleton hand given on the cover. For the best solutions and analysis of the situation, prizes to the value of 250 dollars are awarded. I am asked to publish the hand, so here it is—

	Spades—4. Hearts—A, 8, 7, 5, 4. Clubs—A, 4. Diamonds—A, Q, 10, 5, 4 *North.*	
West. Spades—K.		*East.* Spades—3.
	South. Spades—A, 9, 6. Hearts—K, Q, Kn, 10, 9, 6. Clubs—9, 6. Diamonds—9, 6.	

The contract is six hearts. West leads the king of spades, and East plays the three. Declarer must win twelve tricks with *absolute certainty* against any possible adverse distribution or defence. A pretty problem.

Just one question to the author. Why "Vital Tricks at *Contract Bridge*"? Are not tricks as vital at auction bridge, and are they not as important, and do they not take as much artistry to win at auction? Except in the case of slam bids, I fail to see there is any difference whatsoever in the play of the cards, either by declarer or his opponents.

A B.I. WIRING SYSTEM FOR EVERY PURPOSE

THE B.I., largest cable works in the British Empire and pioneers of paper insulation, manufacture a range of Wiring Systems for every type of contract. For country houses, historic churches or large public buildings, the B.I. Wiring Systems are safe, neat and inexpensive; as economical for new buildings as they are unobtrusive in old buildings where carving or decorations must be respected. Nor are B.I. Wiring Systems the rich man's preserve—thousands of housing estates all over the country are being wired in this way by corporations and electricity companies. Write for full details.

B.I. WIRING SYSTEMS

BRITISH INSULATED CABLES LIMITED, PRESCOT, LANCS.

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Wednesday, July 14, 1937. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

for a day by the sea!

Play games on the beach, let the sea breeze fan you—and let the Venida Hair Net take care of your hair. Its invisible strands keep every wave in position, keep your hair looking always its best.

VENIDA
THE GUARANTEED HAIR NET

Made to match every shade of hair, In Single or Double Mesh, 6½d. each (2 for 1/-). Grey and White 1/- each. Also Venida BUN NETS, with or without elastic, in all colours, 2½d. each. From Boots the Chemists, and all leading Stores and Perfumers. If any difficulty, write to Venida Ltd. 60, Poland Street, London, W.1.

RARE and LOVELY AMBER

SAC FRÈRES
41, Burlington Arcade.

ON PRENDRA—
A BOON!

Prunier's popular On Prendra' Service solves the problem of Picnics, Surprise Parties, Unexpected Guests or a sudden return to town. Pop into Prunier's, choose the dish you desire, take it away properly packed in convenient cartons, and delectably dine at home.

PRUNIER RESTAURANT
72 ST. JAMES'S ST., S.W.1
Telephone: REGent 1373/4/5

FOOT STRAIN

Removes the strain off sore muscles; holds bones in position; invisible. Instant relief from foot-tiredness. Obtainable from all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. **2/6** per pair

Dr. Scholl's ARCH BINDER

Travel via
CHANNEL AIR FERRIES LTD.
For information London-Deauville service apply to main agents:
OLLEY AIR SERVICE LTD.
Tel.: Croydon 5117/8
Departure; Horseferry House (K.L.M.) 9.45 a.m. Croydon: 10.45 a.m.
Fare: Single £3. Return £5.
Special Daily Service Brighton (Shoreham)—Deauville from Aug. 1st to Sept. 1st.
Departure: Shoreham 17 o'clock.
Arrival: Deauville 17.40.
For information: Olley Air Service, Shoreham, Tel.: 500.
By Southampton and Havre overnight (Southern Railway)

ROULETTE—BANQUE OUVERTE—BACCARAT

NORMANDY HOTEL HOTEL DU GOLF (on links)
ROYAL HOTEL

Room only for £1. Room and full board inclusive from £1/10/0.
All Sports. Two Golf Courses. Tennis. Polo Regattas. Two Physical Culture Clubs (for adults and children). Horse Show. Yachting.
Harry Richman, the highest paid American cabaret singer, who flew across the Atlantic with Dick Merrill will sing at The Ambassadeurs from August 3-16.
Saturday, July 17th:
WEEK-END AIR RALLY FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO DEAUVILLE
July 22—Aug. 2
International Bridge Tournament organised by Crockford's Club de Paris (Deauville Gold Cup).
In July and August
33 days of Horse Races on Two Race Courses. £50,000 in Prizes
Sunday, August 22nd: GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE
F. ANDRÉ, Managing Director. *Same Management as Casino Municipal, Cannes.*

EUROPE'S MOST ROMANTIC HOLIDAY RESORT

Come to Czechoslovakia, a land rich in historical associations and visible memorials of the past, yet complete with comfortable hotel and sports facilities of every kind.

50% - 66% reduction in fares on Czechoslovak State Railways.

ONLY 5 HOURS FROM LONDON BY AIR.

Interesting literature post free from the ***Czechoslovak Travel Bureau (Dept. S.K.), 21, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.,*** *or principal travel agencies.*

Czechoslovakia
FASCINATING LAND OF MANY CONTRASTS

Private CASH Advances
By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,
14, Clifford Street, London, W.1. Est. 1913
£50 to £5,000
Without Security

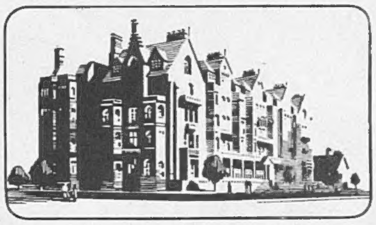
£30 to £5000 LENT
without any Security
to LADIES or GENTLEMEN.
Write **RICHMOND INVESTMENTS LTD.**
4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Approved by doctors
Famous for 50 years
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
RENDELLS

The
EMPIRE GROUP OF HOTELS
ALWAYS FIRST-CLASS

The Hotels comprising this well-known group appeal to those who value twentieth-century comforts.

The keynote is efficiency in service—cheerful surroundings—amusements for the younger generation as well as for those of quieter tastes—food of the best quality skilfully prepared, and wines from our Central Cellars with a 70 years' reputation.



GRANVILLE HOTEL
Ramsgate

Tonic air of Kentish Coast. Overlooking the sea. Five classic golf courses nearby. Hydropathic and Electrical treatments by qualified attendants. Hot and Cold sea-water baths on all floors. Central heating throughout. Own garage and car park adjoins Hotel.

Hotels under the control of Empire Hotels Ltd.:

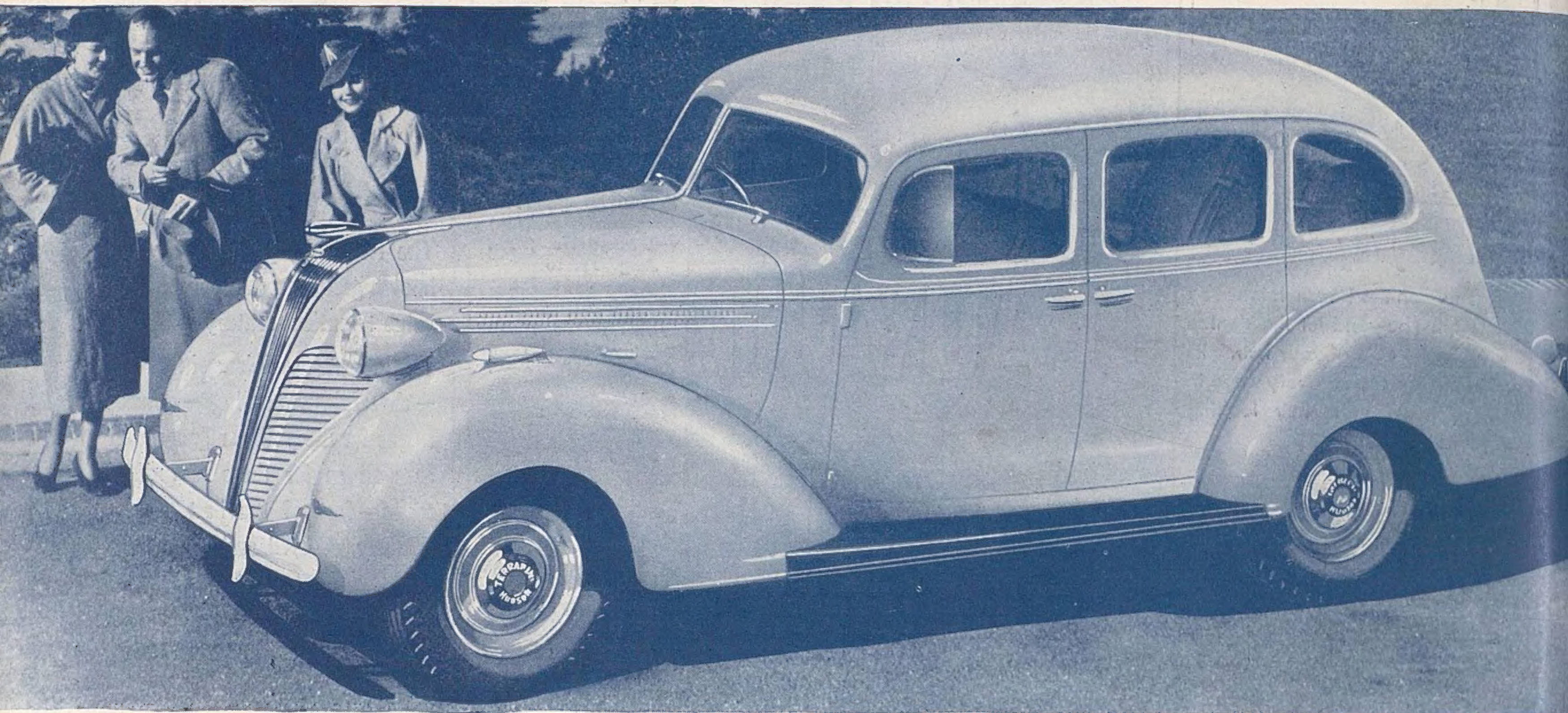
Bath - - The Empire
Blackpool The Metropole
Brighton - The Grand
Bushey - Bushey Hall
London—16 miles—free golf
Eastbourne - The Queen's
Lynton The Valley of Rocks
Ramsgate - The Granville
Scarborough The Grand
Southampton The South-Western

AND

LONDON
Bailey's Hotel
Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
South Kensington Hotel,
Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7

Brochures and Tariffs from Resident Managers or from Head Office, 35 New Bridge St., E.C.4.

For Luxury, for Safety, for **Silence . .**



21.6 h.p. developing 101 b.h.p. £335

The **TERRAPLANE** *De Luxe Saloon*

Cars to-day are tending to look alike—and behave alike. You'll find this Terraplane a refreshing change. ★ Distinctively and sensibly designed, its appearance has no hint of freakishness or extravagance. ★ Inside you'll notice a number of interesting points. First, the ease of entry through unusually high, wide doors. Then the amazingly wide front and rear seats *each* designed for three people . . . the luxurious upholstery . . . the amount of extra head-room. There's a really broad windscreen too, noticeably improving driving vision, also a beautifully designed instrument panel. And for performance . . . that surging rush of *silent* power is an outstanding Terraplane characteristic . . . so also is the complete absence of "sway" at all speeds . . . the instant smooth stop by powerful hydraulic brakes . . . these profoundly satisfying features have taken years to develop . . . they are part of a car which has been built to last!

ALL HUDSON AND TERRAPLANE CARS ARE FITTED WITH 12-VOLT ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Terraplanes from £285 • Hudsons from £355

Hudson Motors Ltd

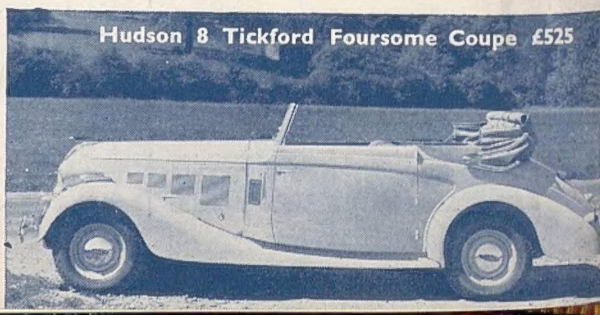
GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON, W.4 *(Chiswick 4777.)*

West End Showrooms: SHAW & KILBURN LTD., 117, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1. *(Langham 3121)*

WRITE FOR FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE • TRIAL RUNS GLADLY ARRANGED

Terraplane Special Sports Saloon £445

Hudson 8 Club Saloon £475



Hudson 8 Tickford Foursome Coupe £525